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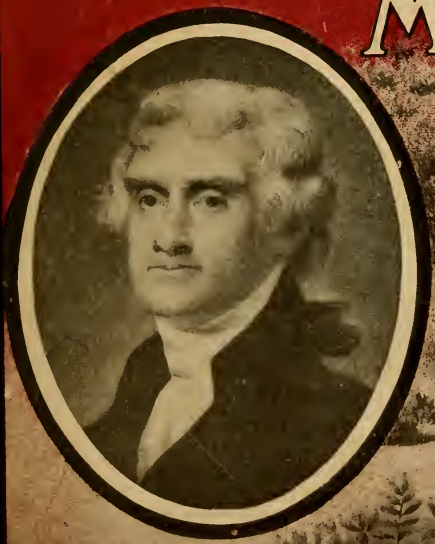

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THE SUBJUGATION OF THE STATE OF GEORGIA ..... *Frontispiece*

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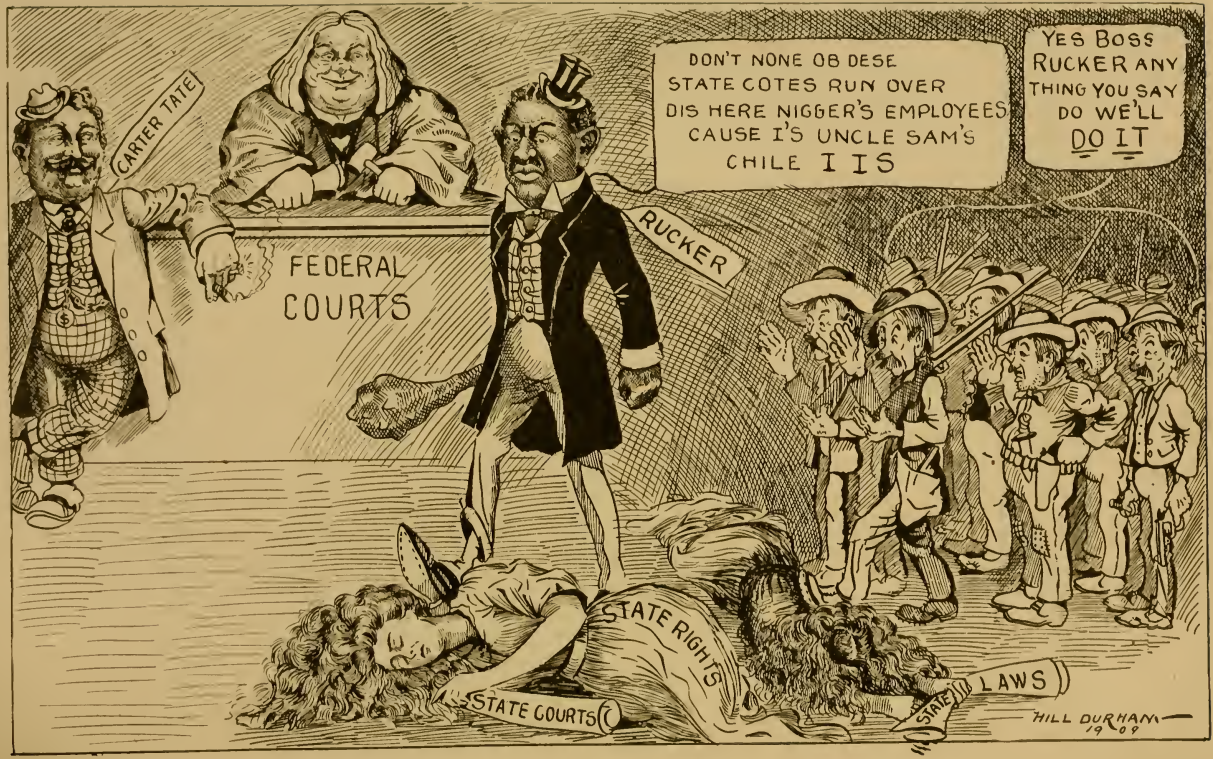

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Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

Vol. IV January, 1910 No. 1

EDITORIALS

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

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CHAPTER IV.

SUPPOSE that you should find a lot of men and women, at the mouth of the Mississippi River, operating dredges, and carefully analyzing every dipperful of water and mud which was lifted by the long arms of the dredge. Suppose that you should ask these people what they were trying to do, and that they should answer,—"We are studying the complexities of this mighty stream. We are attempting to account for its present condition. While it performs a prodigious service to mankind, we can't account for all this impurity, this mud in solution, this debris which it brings down in its resistless floods. We are investigating the facts, to learn the cause of the present pollution of the stream. We have now about completed our examination, and we propose to erect the necessary filtration works, *right here*, at the mouth of the stream, to purify it."

What would be your natural reply to that sort of talk? Would you not feel like saying to those impractical people,—

"You can never understand the Mississippi by studying its mouth, or lower reaches. You must journey a thousand miles toward its source. You must gaze upon Nicollett's Creek and Lake Itasca. You must follow the rivulet to where other rivulets flow into it. You must watch its gradual enlargement by tributary streams. You must hurry along until the torrential Missouri empties into the unsullied Mississippi its river of mud. Then, indeed, it is 'Farewell!' to purity, but *the power is enormously increased*. Tracing The Father of the Waters from its fountain head, you will learn, easily enough, how it becomes so great and complex and foul." *We* need no labored analysis at its mouth: we realize the folly of proposing a purification *there:* we profoundly perceive that if those turbid and turbulent waters are ever to be made clean, there must be *a removal of the causes* which defiled the sylvan tide which issued from the Minnesota woods.

* * * * * * * * *

After having wearily worked my way through the two bulky and tedious volumes of Karl Marx, my first thought was, "Here's a man dredging the mouth of the Mississippi of Society, endeavoring to analyze each dipperful of mud, his purpose being to account for the pollution of the stream, in order that he may suggest a method of purifying the stream, *at its mouth*."

And, of course, I am impressed by the pathos and the futility of labor wasted in such work. I feel like saying to men of this kind, "You would save yourselves a vast deal of toil, if you would go up to the beginnings of things, trace the evolution of the system in which we live, and thus see with your own eyes how abuses crept in and sullied it." One ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory; but the Socialists are so enamored of theory that historical actualities, in conflict with their visionary creed, are ignored, or denied or contemned.

The edition of Marx's "Capital" which I will proceed to review is a translation from the third German edition, edited by Frederick Engels. The two volumes contain more than 1,400 pages of text. The title given to the work suggests a thorough study and an elaborate exposition of, *Money in its relation to mankind*. But it is nothing of the sort. And why? Because a thorough study of Money, and a full revelation of how it can be used to rob and oppress the producers of wealth, would account for the greater part of those inequalities of fortune which supply Socialism with its "thunder".

Your Socialist propagandist is the most voluble of men—but you can't bait him into talking about the nature, the functions, and the sinister powers of Money.

Spending years of his life in studying the causes of Poverty, Karl Marx, a Hebrew, elaborated in favor of the single gold standard, an argument that the Rothschilds and the Belmonts might have heartily approved. Earnestly and honestly probing into the body politic, to ascertain why there was such a fearfully unjust distribution of wealth, *this Moses of Socialism commits himself to the very thing that has starved millions of industrious men, driven to vice and crime hordes of the unemployed, filled Potter's Fields with the graves of tens of thousands of despairing suicides.* Marx favors the damnable doctrine that gold is the only natural and proper standard of value—thereby indorsing the dear-dollar principle which chains the European and American world to its money-kings.

What reliance can you place upon a voluminous book on "Capital", when its author is either afraid of the Money Question, or ignorant of the way in which financial systems can be manipulated to methodically plunder the producers? Suppose that it can be demonstrated to your satisfaction that every ill which now afflicts Society has its origin in governmental abuses, and individual depravity—would you care a fig for Marx's book? There can not be *two* true sources of our troubles: there can not be *two* conflicting diagnoses of our world-disease. If I can prove to you that all of our social unrest and misery flows from the sources mentioned, your good sense teaches you that

Marx must be wrong, if he alleges that the unrest and the wretchedness had an origin wholly different. In other words, if I can prove that the sick man is suffering *solely from poison that has been stealthily injected into his veins*, Marx can not possibly maintain the proposition that the invalid is the victim of organic derangement.

Furthermore, if I can convince you that Marx's labored argument against the existing system *is reared upon a false conception of Value*, your interest in the remainder of his train of reasoning will be merely academic. *If you can be shown that the house is built on sand, you will not be tempted to invest in the property.*

Thus we have two modes of overthrowing "Capital", the Bible of Socialism.

(1) By demonstrating that every one of the terrible conditions which Marx seeks to relieve by establishing a new order of Society, grew out of the abuses of power and privilege, and not out of our system itself.

(2) By showing that Marx's elaborate superstructure of reasoning is based upon a false foundation.

Let us take up this second point first.

Many a philosopher has puzzled over the problems of Price and Value. What is the true meaning and origin of the latter? What fixes the former? Whole libraries have been written on these subjects, and upon Money.

Karl Marx missed, entirely, the true nature and constituent elements of "Value".

On page 45, he says, "A use-value, or useful article, therefore, has value only because human labor in the abstract has been embodied or materialized in it." (P. 46.) "We see then that that which determines the magnitude of the value of any article is the amount of labor socially necessary, or the labor-time socially necessary for its production. Commodities, therefore, in which equal quantities of labor are embodied, or which can be produced in the same time, have the same value. As values, all commodities are only definite masses of congealed labor-time."

In the "Manifesto of the Communist Party", published by Marx and Engels, in 1848, the first article is,

"The exchange value of commodities depends upon the amount of socially necessary labor-time required to produce them."

This fundamental error is not even Marx's own idea. He borrowed it from Ricardo, another Israelite.

However favorably you may feel at first inclined to look upon this theory of value, you will reject it, after you have tested it by the unerring method of applying it to facts which come within your own knowledge.

Leaving out of the discussion misdirected or unnecessary labor, and taking into consideration none other than the labor which is well applied and socially necessary—what do we find the truth to be? That the Marxian theory won't hold water.

The same labor-time produces a certain amount of corn, or a certain amount of potatoes, or a certain amount of cotton: the same land, worked by the same men, for the same length of time, will produce a crop of cereals, or of peas, or of cotton, or of vetches. Will the value of the different yields be the same? You know that they will not. In the South, we would much prefer to put the whole farm in small grain, or Indian corn, than in cotton. We would be more independent of the negro. We could do all of the work with machinery. But we put as much of the farm as we can in the more valuable product—cotton. Devote to corn just as much land and just as much labor, as are given to cotton, and the result will be a much less valuable harvest.

Take two cotton plantations, one of them level, free of stumps, very fertile and easy to work: the other is rolling, rocky, stumpy, and thin. On the first, the yield, acre for acre, is three times as much as on the other, although the labor may be nearly the same. In fact, less labor is required on the better farm. Will the man who had to work so hard on the poorer farm get any more for his cotton, *on that account?* Certainly not. Then what becomes of the Socialist theory of value?

Take the irrigated farm, where the soil gets as much moisture as the crops need, and no more. Compare this to the farm which has to depend upon natural rainfall. There is hardly ever a year when the crops on this land do not suffer from too much or not enough rain. A greater amount of labor is required on this than on the irrigated farm. The crops on the latter will average eight times more than those on the rain-watered farm. But does the owner of the rain-watered farm get any more for his product than is paid to his more fortunate rival? No. Then what becomes of the Socialist theory of value? If the Marxian idea were correct, the irrigated farm would not be what it now is—*the menace of the rain-watered farm.*

On the immense farms of the Northwest, where the land is level and rich, labor-saving machinery enables the farmer to grow wheat at less than half the expense of growing it in the Southern States: but the value is not affected by the difference in labor-cost.

As a matter of fact, the labor-time and cost, in the making of a bale of cotton, varies from State to State, and farm to farm. In Texas, the amount and cost of work required to produce cotton is different from what it is in Georgia. In Georgia, it is different from what it is in Alabama. And so it is with the different farms. On no two plantations will the labor-time and cost be equal. In the very nature of things, it is humanly impossible to establish an equality of labor-cost in the production of corn, wheat, hay, fruit, melons and cotton, on the thousands of separately owned and separately managed farms.

The same truth applies to manufacturing. The labor-cost of producing cloth at the Thomson factory is different from the labor-cost of Augusta-made cloth. In Augusta, the labor-time and expense is different from those of the Peedee mills—and these, in turn, are not equal to the labor-cost in Lowell, Massachusetts.

Yet all middling cotton is quoted at the same price, with a total disregard of the labor-time "congealed" in the bale. So it is with wheat, corn, hay, fruit and manufactured fabrics. The prices do not vary as the labor-time varies.

Consequently, the Socialist theory of value can not be the right one.

Again, everybody knows that when money is plentiful, prices go up; and that when currency is contracted, prices go down. The scarcer money is, the harder it is to get: that is, you have to give more of your labor or your property in exchange for the dollars. Is that true, or not? It is true, and you know it. Then what becomes of the Socialist theory of value?

If Ricardo and Marx were correct in their analysis of Value, the expansion and the contraction of the currency would not so automatically upset prices. Double the circulating medium, and prices immediately double; (all other things being equal,) but destroy the money and prices immediately drop fifty per cent. *The history of the world presents no exception to the rule that values go up or down as the volume of lawful currency enlarges or shrinks.* "Congealed labor-time" has nothing whatever to do with it.

Does the value of gold, silver and diamonds bear any relation to labor-cost? None. The lucky man who finds a nugget, and the less fortunate miner who digs and delves a year to accumulate a quantity equal to the nugget, are paid the same price.

The Eastern pearl-diver, after much labor and at the risk of his life, at length finds a pearl: some one eating oysters in a New York restaurant happens upon a pearl: if it is of the same size and purity as that found by the poor Eastern diver, it sells for the same price. Labor-cost has nothing to do with its value.

One coal mine may yield up its treasures at less than half the cost of operating another; but the coal of both mines has the same value in the market.

The labor-cost of yarns and woollens, boots and shoes, laces and embroideries vary according to location of the industry, but the prices do not, on that account, vary.

Again, consider ladies' hats and gowns. One year the hat will cost, say $25.00; and the gown, say $50.00. But suppose the fashions change and a new style comes in, what can the milliner get for the left-over hats and gowns of last season? Practically nothing. Yet the amount of labor "congealed" in the article underwent no change.

Take another example equally familiar. A merchant lays in a big stock of goods—clothing for men and women, girls and boys; also rugs, carpets, crockery-ware, etc. When the stock is first displayed, spring or fall, there is a rush to buy; and prices are away up yonder. Along toward the shank of the season, the merchant dumps the remainder of the goods on the market, at a fifty per cent. reduction. The "congealed" labor had not been diminished, but the value had.

In the city, say New York, a silk, stove-pipe hat, and a claw-ham-

mer coat are indispensable to those who move in "good society". Consequently those articles are very valuable and command stiff prices. But what would such a hat and coat be worth in a Michigan logging-camp, or on a Texas cattle ranch? Considerably less than nothing. When I go to New York, I rig out as the Romans do; but you couldn't get me to walk the streets of Thomson diked in a claw-hammer and a silk beaver. No, Sir! The dogs would go to barking, and the children would all come running to see the show. This simple illustration reveals the fallacy of Karl Marx's theory of value. Inasmuch as the same amount of labor is "congealed" in the articles, whether they be in Michigan, Texas, Thomson, or New York, the price ought to be the same at each place—but it isn't.

Take another homely example: we will compare two sawmills, engaged in cutting lumber. One of the mills is an up-to-date plant, with powerful engine, a lightning saw that splits off plank after plank with a "zip, zip, zip", almost as fast as you can snap your fingers. The logs come to the "yard" on a tramway car; they roll onto the carriages at the rate of one for every couple of minutes; the slabs and the sawdust are automatically carried away. Here the labor-cost of producing lumber is reduced to a minimum.

The other mill is one of these portable fellows. The engine is small, for it has to be moved occasionally, from one body of timber to another. The logs come to the yard on the old-fashioned carry-log, drawn by mules, or steers. When the log has been laboriously hooked on to the carriage, and fastened in its place, the little saw tackles it. Perhaps after going three or four feet, the saw will be about to give up and stop. The watchful man who is solemnly acting as "sawyer" will back the log off, so as to give the saw a breathing spell. For a minute or so, you will hear the peculiar noise it makes in running rapidly between the sawed strip and the log. Then when the sawyer judges that he can try it again, he sends the carriage forward, and the plucky little saw whangs away once more at the log. I have seen that process repeated several times on one plank. The slabs have to be handled by the men, and the sawdust is trundled off in a wheelbarrow. A log which the big mill will split up in a few minutes, will occupy this small plant an hour.

Will the output of the one mill sell for more than that of the other? Does the value of the lumber vary with the labor-cost? You know that it does not. Then, the Socialist theory isn't worth a hill of beans; and the argument built upon so false a foundation is utterly worthless.

You can readily name hundreds of articles whose value have no sort of connection with the labor-time employed in their production. Webster's Unabridged cost vastly more in labor than one of the original copies of Poe's "Tamerlane"; yet the dictionary can be had at prices ranging from two to twelve dollars, while the "Tamerlane" sells at auction for $2,300. The labor-cost of a common two-cent stamp is the same as that expended on one of the rarities which command hun-

dreds of dollars. How could the Ricardo-Marx theory explain such things? Why do rare coins fetch such fancy prices? Not because of labor-cost, evidently.

Think of the enormous amount of labor expended upon the Egyptian Sphinx! Yet it is not worth a bushel of wheat. Buckle, in the "History of Civilization" says that 350,000 men worked for twenty years on the great Pyramid of Egypt. But it had so little value that one of the Khedives stripped off its polished casings to get materials for a commonplace palace.

Southey labored like a slave on great epics which nobody will buy, or read: they have no value. But he threw off a few short poems that everybody buys and reads. How does the Socialist theory explain it?

Put two experts to work making violins. They will labor precisely the same number of hours, and will produce two fiddles which, to the eye, seem to be exactly alike. But when they are tried, one of them may be entirely different in tone from the other, and will consequently command a very different price. It is a fact well known to violinists that those fiddles upon which the greatest amount of labor has been expended, and which are marked up to fancy figures, may be less valuable than some cheap instrument that was sold for a trifle. In other words, the labor-time cuts no ice at all in the value of violins. (It is often so with razors, pistols and guns.)

Why is it that a Stradivarius has more value than a carload of modern fiddles? The Ricardo-Marx-Engels theory does not offer any explanation. Why is it that a Titian or a Raphael is more valuable than a roomful of modern paintings, whose labor-cost may have excelled that of the old Masters? The Socialist idea of value fails to explain.

Two literary men toil away, producing two books, the same amount of labor being devoted to each. One of these volumes sells like hot cakes, and makes the author rich: the other does not sell at all. Yet Marx contended that, where the labor-cost was the same, the values would be equal.

How does the Ricardo-Marx theory of value clear up *the mystery of fluctuating prices?* How could it explain why cotton sold for seven cents two years ago, when it commands double that price now? (December, 1909.) Who can take the Socialist theory of value and tell us why prices shrank in 1907, in 1893, in 1873, and during that fearful era, after the close of the Civil War, when the Government was destroying more than a thousand million dollars of the people's money? In fact, Marx himself saw that his theory was inconsistent with those financial convulsions known as "panics", and he was forced into the absurdity of attributing them to—guess what! *To overproduction!*

As if the veriest tyro in economics did not know that there never has been, and never can be, such a thing as overproduction of the necessaries, comforts and luxuries of life!

The same article may have one value today, and another, next year. Styles and tastes change, and prices change with them.

In Prescott's "Conquest of Peru" we are told that gold was so plentiful among the Spanish conquerors that a quire of paper sold for $10.00 of our money; a pair of shoes $40.00; a bottle of wine $60.00; a sword $50.00; a cloak $100.00; and a horse, $2,500.00.

A theory of value which does not fit all commodities, all times and all places, is obviously unsound. Have I not convinced you that the Karl Marx theory is totally lacking in those qualities? If so, this boasted work, "Capital", is fit only for the trash-pile, for without this theory of Value, the argument in "Capital" can no more travel than can a snake whose back is broken.

In its proper place, you will be given a definition of value which will fit all commodities, and which will apply to all times and places. If I can furnish *such* a theory, you will accept it, because it satisfies your common sense, and explains all the phenomena of varying prices. And it is a theory that absolutely annihilates Karl Marx.

Now let us consider the second proposition which refutes Socialism. If it can be shown that all of the evils which afflict the body politic, the industrial world and the social organism are the direct, logical and inevitable consequences of private and public wrong-doing, (disconnected entirely from our *system* of government,) then you will be driven to the conclusion that Socialism is altogether wrong in its onslaughts upon the existing order. If my way of explaining the causes of our troubles convinces you of its correctness, you will realize that it excludes the Marxian theory. In the nature of things, it is impossible for my explanation to be true without that of the Socialists being false.

Were England, Germany or Russia under discussion, it would be necessary for me to dwell upon the land question. Literally, much of the soil of those countries is monopolized by descendants of conquerors who, sword in hand, drove off the original occupants. In many cases, prosecutions, and bills of attainder for treason, were made use of to confiscate huge estates which were then given to royal bastards, or to royal favorites.

But no such conditions prevail in this country. We have no land question. Throughout the original thirteen States, farms can be had at less than the improvements are worth. Untilled fields are seen in every direction. As a negotiator of farm-loans, it was my task for many years to investigate titles. In many cases, the landowners have the original Crown grants, to which are attached the seals which are as large as saucers. I was astonished to find that the prices paid for agricultural land was greater before the Civil War than they are now. In my own family is a large farm, known as "the Obadiah Cloud place". The chain of title runs back to a grant of the Royal Council, under King George III. This deed has the big wax seal and is countersigned, in a beautiful "hand", by Charles Watson, Clerk to the Council. In these old ante-bellum conveyances, the consideration expressed is larger than the price paid by me, although the seller named his own terms when he sold.

Any man of good repute can purchase a farm anywhere, in Georgia, on five or ten years' time, at eight per cent. interest. I have myself sold a dozen places on such terms; and the buyers, in every case but one, stuck to their bargains and now own their homes. Similar conditions prevail in other Southern States. How it is in the Middle West, I do not know; but New England has many an abandoned farm which can be bought for a song; and Texas has millions of acres of school-land begging for the would-be-home-owner. When ex-Governor Broward completes his magnificent work in the Everglades, Florida can offer splendid land, on easy terms, to tens of thousands of workers. (I read in today's papers that the United States Government has opened 1,000,000 acres to settlement in Montana.)

Of course, if all the unemployed persist in staying in the cities, where a dozen men are chasing one job, instead of migrating to those States where a dozen jobs chase one man—why, the Astor estate will continue to be a prolific source of howling about Land monopoly. Before I finish the chapters on Socialism, it is my purpose to demonstrate the impossibility of such a thing as a realty trust in America.

Since our troubles are not traceable to our system of landownership, what is it that has plunged so many millions of our people into poverty? The student of American history is powerfully impressed by the fact that in the days of Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Hugh S. Legare and Thomas H. Benton, the statesmen agreed that there was no pauperism in this country. Repeatedly was this remark made, in the course of Congressional speeches—made casually, as a matter of course. And it can not be too often mentioned that when Charles Dickens toured the United States, he was delighted and amazed to find that there were no beggars such as he was accustomed to see in Europe. He wrote home from Boston, that all the working people were well-clothed and well-fed. Here, then, is cumulative and convincing evidence that some terrible change has taken place in our country, for you can not now read a New York paper without coming upon heart-rending stories of destitution and desperation among the laboring classes. Men, women and children perish like flies for lack of food, raiment and shelter.

Has there been dearth, pestilence, war or unwillingness to work? No: the production of all kinds of wealth was never so great. We have become the Egypt of the famished world—and yet our children cry for bread, the widow wails unheard, the man out of work tramps the street looking for a job until he drops and dies like a homeless, ownerless dog. It is maddening. We are at peace; no pestilence stalks its prey; and the uplifted hand of the unemployed pleads for work—*not charity, but a chance to earn bread.*

Let me here, again, use a homely illustration. You are sick, and the doctor is called. You tell him that you were perfectly well when you sat down to supper, but that you woke up in pain during the night. Would not his first inquiry be, "*What did you eat?*"

His trained mind at once leads him to the conclusion that your ill-

ness can be traced to your supper. And if your symptoms are those of ptomaine poisoning, he practically knows that the oysters, or the fish, that you ate made you sick.

Well, let us go back to that period of our national history when travelers and statesmen agreed that we had no poor. We were then in good health. We are now ill, desperately ill. What have we been doing to ourselves to cause that change from health to sickness?

"Show me your statute-books, and I will tell you the condition of your people", said one of the world's greatest thinkers. Apply that test: open the volume containing the abominations which are called "Laws" of the United States. *Our Federal legislation is the worst that ever disgraced a civilized nation.* The favoritism to the Few is almost incredible. The subtlety with which the system has been contrived for the spoliation of the Many, is infernal. The cold, crafty, grasping cynicism that is found in these "Laws" is Satanic. The student who fails to see that all the ills which afflict the body politic are the natural fruitage of this tree, is wilfully blind to self-evident truth. Those "Laws" would beggar the masses of any land on this earth. That legislation was meant to skim off the profits from legitimate industry, and to leave to the farming class, the wage-worker, and the average merchant no chance to do more than live.

The Protection madness has gone to such lengths that competition has disappeared, the Trusts are supreme, and they fix the prices at their own pleasure. *When the manufacturing class grab one-half of the annual increase of wealth, who can wonder that millions of people get no share of it?*

Then come the other harpies—the watered-stock railroads, the national banks exploiting the sovereign power to coin money, the Express companies with their three hundred per cent. dividends, the Telegraph and Telephone companies with their enormous earnings, the Standard Oil Company with its clear profits of almost fabulous proportions.

With all of these big fish in the pond, who is it that can not understand what's the matter with the little minnows?

These favored Few absorb all of the annual increase of wealth: the Government's own reports show it. Why, then, make any mystery of our situation? Take the United States Statistical Abstract, and study those appalling figures. You can then go to a blackboard and demonstrate, with mathematical certainty, that our republic is poverty-cursed because *we have*, in the name of the law, *confiscated all of the yearly increase in wealth to the use of about one per cent. of our population.*

Studied intelligently, the Government's own reports are the most damaging indictment that could be hurled at the Federal administration; and these official figures prove, *prove*, *PROVE* that all of our national troubles, (not due to individual viciousness and criminality,) have their origin in devilish legislation.

There is nothing organically wrong with our republic, or with our form of social organization. Corrupt politicians have pandered to

voracious corporations, until *our whole system has been poisoned.* What must we do to be saved? *Extract the deadly virus of class-legislation:* restore the laws under which our country had prospered for half a century, and under which American statesmen could truthfully, proudly say, "*We have no Poor.*"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SUBJUGATION OF THE STATES

ONE OF the most alarming and amazing features of our national life today is, that the general public, as well as the legal profession, appear to be profoundly indifferent to the prodigious strides made by the Federal Courts, encroaching upon the reserved rights of the States. Apparently, it has been forgotten that the separate States were independent sovereignties; that they were never even connected by any permanent bond of union in the Colonial period; that they maintained their separate existence, one having no right whatever to interfere with the internal concerns of another; that they loosely confederated themselves together during the Revolutionary War, the executive power being vested in a Committee; that when Great Britain recognized their independence, each one was named separately, and the independence of each one separately acknowledged; that each State, acting apart from the others, delegated representatives to a Constitutional Convention to revise the Articles of Confederation; and that when these representatives, (binding themselves by a solemn oath of secrecy, and deliberating behind closed doors,) adopted an entirely new Constitution, *that Constitution was ratified by the separate act of each one of the States.* Never did *the people, ACTING NATIONALLY, authorize a Constitutional Convention for this Republic.* Never did the people, *acting nationally*, ratify and adopt a Constitution for this Republic. The phrase which Webster misconstrued, and which the nationalists now misconstrue, "*We the people*", was, in the original draft of the Constitution, *followed by the words, "of the States of"—naming each separate State whose independence Great Britain had acknowledged.* It was the amanuensis, copying out the work of the Constitution, who omitted the names of the States,—*the Fathers themselves, having no conception of the misuse which would afterwards be made of those three words.*

Time and again, in *The Federalist*, written by Alexander Hamilton, a nationalist, John Jay, a nationalist, and Madison, a Republican, the word "*compact*" is used; and the Constitution itself shows that *the States were simply parting with a definite portion of their sovereign powers in order that there might be a central government to deal*

with such matters as foreign commerce, and the regulation of a national currency.

The judicial power was grudgingly granted by the States to the Federal government, and the limits of its jurisdiction were jealously guarded. In Madison's report, (not published until 1844) it is shown that *every time the proposition was made to give to the Federal Judiciary the right to set aside Acts of Congress, the proposition was voted down.*

As to the manner in which the Federal Judiciary should pass upon State laws, Oliver Ellsworth, a member of the Constitutional Convention, was thoroughly qualified to express the meaning of the Fathers. *He did so in the Judiciary Act of 1789.* He positively provided that State laws should be attacked on Constitutional grounds *in the State Courts*, from which an appeal should be taken to *the Supreme Court of the United States.* That provision is Section 25 of the Judiciary Act of 1789 *and it now appears as Section 709 of the Revised Statutes.* Its language is as plain as the nose on one's face. *WHERE HAS THAT STATUTE BEEN REPEALED OR MODIFIED? It is the law of the land, and ever has been, since the foundations of our Federal judicial system were laid by the Act of 1789. In no other way were State laws challenged prior to the Civil War: these usurpations and encroachments have simply kept pace with the march of colossal corporations. THE FEDERAL JUDICIARY AND THE TRUSTS ARE THE ALLIED ARMIES MARCHING UPON THE COMMON INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE AND THE RESERVED RIGHTS OF THE STATES.*

Sometime ago, in a letter published in the Atlanta *Constitution*, I took issue with the Attorney-General of this State, the Hon. John C. Hart, and told him, in effect, that he had shown a lack of moral courage, in advising Judge Augustus Fite, of the Superior Court of this State, to surrender to a Federal Judge a prisoner *whom Judge Fite had ordered to jail, because the prisoner, on the witness-stand, had refused to answer a fair and legal question propounded to him by the Judge of the State Court.*

Apparently, the Attorneys-General who represent the various States are not aware of the historical precedents on this point. Not to mention other States, but confining the investigation to the State of Georgia, *we discover that on four different occasions the officials who represented the Commonwealth have defied the Federal Courts, and have made good their defiance.*

When the United States Supreme Court had for its Chief Justice John Jay, of New York,—one of the authors of *The Federalist*—he took jurisdiction over a suit which one Chisholm, of Alabama, brought against the State of Georgia. *The United States Marshal served process upon Governor Telfair and his Attorney-General: these officials treated the service with contempt, and ignored the Supreme Court of the United States.* This defiance reduced the Court to helplessness; but the effort of Chief Justice John Jay to make a State suable by a

private citizen aroused such universal indignation, throughout the Union that, *at the very next session of Congress the Eleventh Amendment was proposed, in which the peculiar language was used, that the judicial power should not be "CONSTRUED"* to authorize such suits as those brought by Chisholm. Notwithstanding this national rebuke, the Federal Courts endeavored to take away from the State Courts two criminals, Worcester and Butler, who had been tried and convicted in Gwinnett's Superior Court. *Chief Justice Marshall, of the United States Supreme Court, delivered the opinion in that case, reversing the Superior Court of Gwinnett County; but the State of Georgia refused to recognize the mandate of the Supreme Court, and the defendants were duly punished in accordance with the sentence imposed upon them by the State Court.*

Another historic incident of the same sort grew out of the murder of a white intruder upon the Cherokee country by the Indians. In this, the Tassels case, *application was made to the Federal Court for a writ of error from the State Court. No attention was paid by the State Court to the Federal Court, and Tassels paid the forfeit of his life for his crime.* The Graves case was of a like nature.

In the fourteenth volume of the Georgia Reports, Judge Henry L. Benning delivered a powerful opinion on this subject, *stoutly maintaining the right of the State Courts to utterly ignore the Federal Courts, when these latter are encroaching upon the territory which, in law and of right, belongs to the State.*

Yet the Attorney-General of the State of Georgia advised Judge Fite to back down, *and allow Judge Newman, of the Federal Court, to take a prisoner away from him, at the instance of an insolent negro Federal officeholder, in plain violation of the precedents alluded to and of the terms of the statute already mentioned.* Judge Fite wanted to stand his ground;—he ought to have stood it! When word came to him that, at the instance of that pampered negro, Rucker, "heavily armed" white men were to board the next train on a mission of violence and bloodshed, to take the prisoner, Stegall, away from the Trenton *jail, Judge Fite ought to have ordered the Sheriff to have summoned a couple of hundred of the good men and true of Rabun County, and every one of them should have been armed with Winchester rifles and revolvers, with a good supply of ammunition. A cordon of armed men should have been drawn around that jail, and the "heavily armed" deputies driven back to their nigger boss in Atlanta.* As it is, every right-thinking white man in the State feels humiliated and shamed to see our *glorious old Commonwealth prostrate, in the dust, with the foot of a big, black nigger on her neck.*

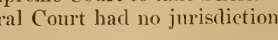
(Stegall, the defiant witness, was immediately promoted by his nigger boss, and Carter Tate, the United States District Attorney, has also been rewarded.)

Such encroachments as these have got to be met sometime or other, else *no State, no State Court, and no municipality will dare to carry*

on the government, and administer the State laws, without a permit from some despotic and usurpatory Federal Judge.

Instead of my suggestion of State resistance to Federal usurpation being one of violence and revolution, it is in strict conformity with the United States Constitution, the Federal Statutes, and the decisions of the State Courts of highest jurisdiction. Instead of a suggestion of lawlessness, my position is that we ought to resist, even unto bloodshed, these persistent and intolerable violations of fundamental law.

(Governor Patterson, of Tennessee, ought never to have permitted the United States Supreme Court to take Sheriff Shipp, and throw him into jail. The Federal Court had no jurisdiction over that case—none whatever.)



"THE EXACT TEXT" OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY

IN ITS issue of October 24, 1908, *Collier's Weekly* had an editorial paragraph on its first page, and first column, the headline being, "*Barleycorn and Others.*"

The editorial begins with the words, "Colonel Watterson observes that the proprietor of the New York *Times* deserves to be hanged," etc.

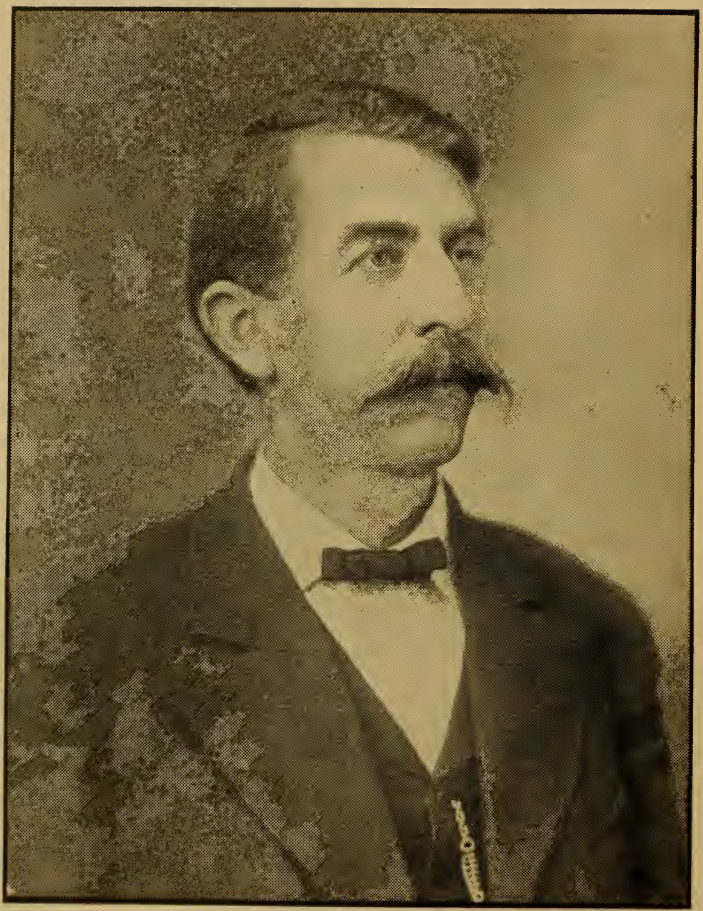
Then allusion is made to a Kentucky lynching. After that came a reference to the Springfield, Illinois, riots and lynchings. Then, *Collier's* generalizes about the lynching of negroes. *The style is that of Norman Hapgood.*

"It is well known that many identifications are sheer hysteria, often for crimes that were never committed, and *many charges and identifications are founded on something worse than hysterical invention: they are the easiest escape from scandal.* Now these are not the things to say, no doubt. They altogether lack chivalry and the aristocratic virtues. But perhaps it is time to put justice and truth above 'honor', whatever that may be."

This paragraph, from which I quote the above lines, got into *Collier's* without the knowledge of its editor—according to his letter to Mr. Seeley, of *The Georgian*. Yet, it is couched in the Hapgood style, and was never disclaimed, until it began to make trouble for *Collier's*.

Greatest "Control" in the World

—New York *American*



Wm. H. Murray

HON. W. H. MURRAY, STATE BUILDER

By J. D. WATSON

WHEN it was first proposed to admit Oklahoma into the Union as one State, it looked as if the proposition would go through without opposition, with the politicians of Oklahoma pulling the strings and getting what they wanted, and giving Indian Territory only what they cared to give.

However, there were some able men, as well as politicians, in the Indian Territory whom the politicians of Oklahoma overlooked when they were making their calculations.

Chief among the men who had the interests of the eastern territory at heart was Hon. Wm. H. Murray, of Tishomingo.

Mr. Murray, having married a Chickasaw, the niece of Governor Johnston, of the Chickasaws, and being a white man himself, was familiar with politics,—both from the Indian's and the white man's point of view.

In Oklahoma there had existed, for about fifteen years, a strong political organization, and Murray realized that it would be useless to go into a constitutional convention with this organization and expect to get any of the political spoils for Indian Territory.

Therefore, the only way for Indian Territory to get her rights was to form an organization and make a fight. This was done by calling what was known as the Sequoyah convention.

The ostensible purpose of this convention was to fight for separate Statehood for Indian Territory. Even a majority of the delegates to that convention believed separate Statehood to be their aim, but not so with Murray.

Murray, with the assistance of a few others, ruled the convention with an iron hand. He and the chiefs of the Five Civilized Tribes took upon themselves the authority of the committee on credentials, seating such members as they chose, and where no delegate appeared to represent a certain district, selected one and ordered him to assume the duties that had been thrust upon him. So in this way Murray ran the convention to suit himself.

Before the Oklahoma politicians realized what was happening, Murray had built up an organization strong enough to fight for its rights.

When the Oklahoma constitutional convention met after Statehood had been granted the two Territories, Oklahoma found Indian Territory making demands instead of begging concessions, and most of the demands were granted.

When that convention met in 1906, Murray was elected its president, and he did his work well.

The very foundation of the Oklahoma constitution, the initiative and referendum, is credited to Murray; in fact, the Oklahoma constitution strongly resembles Murray's Sequoyah constitution, all the way through.

After the constitution was adopted, Mr. Murray was elected a member of the first Legislature, and Speaker of the House of Representatives, in which capacity he served until the end of his term.

Mr. Murray is a man who knows the different sides of life, as will be seen from the following sketch of his life:

MR. MURRAY AND HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY AT WORK IN THE "DEN."

SKETCH

Hon. Wm. H. Murray, the father of the Oklahoma constitution, was born November 21, 1869, near Collinsville, Grayson county, Texas. At the age of three years his mother died, and he was left to the care of his grandfather until he reached the age of five years, when his father married again, and the subject of this sketch removed with his parents to Montague county, Texas, where he lived with them, without the benefits of education, until September 18, 1881, on which date he ran away from his father, going to Wise county, Texas, engaging to pick

cotton and chop cord wood, attending the country school in the winter, the first year working for $7.50 per month.

In 1887 he attended College Hill Institute, at Springtown, Texas. In 1888 and 1889 taught school. In 1889 returned to college, at the term of which he took the degree of Bachelor of Science. Moving to Navarro county, Texas, he engaged for several years in teaching school and editing a daily newspaper. In 1896 he was admitted to the bar, moving to Fort Worth, and practiced for one year: came to the Indian Territory in 1897, engaged in the practice of law at Tishomingo, his present home, until the first of the year 1902, when he moved on his farm, situated some five miles southeast of Tishomingo, where

MR. MURRAY A PRACTICAL FARMER

he has been quietly engaged in farming, stock-raising, and managing the political campaigns of the Chickasaw Nation for the present Governor of that Nation, Douglas H. Johnston. Was a prominent member and vice-president of the Sequoyah constitutional convention of 1905; was elected a member and president of the Oklahoma constitutional convention in 1906; elected a member of and made Speaker of the House of Representatives of the first Legislature of Oklahoma in 1907, having been the unanimous nominee of the Democratic caucus and a majority of one of the Republican caucuses of the first Legislature. At the close of his term, May 26, 1908, he retired to his farm again, broken down in health and burdened with a debt of more than four thousand dollars, as a result of his effort to finance the election to ratify the constitution after the exhaustion of the Federal appropriation.

Like many of our great men, Mr. Murray is self-educated and self-made.

He has felt the sting of poverty, and knows how to sympathize with the poor.

He has been clothed with power, and has used it to benefit his fellow man.

Doubtless he could have stepped higher and higher until the highest gift within the power of the people of Oklahoma was his, but here is where he differs from other great men who have been given office.

Having served his State in framing her constitution, and presiding over her first House of Representatives, he prefers to retire to his farm to live a quiet life among the people he loves.

Indeed, Mr. Murray is one man among many,—an exception to the rule.

To An Old Rose Tree

By Ada A. Mosher

My sire's grandsire planted thee to make
This casement beautiful for his young bride.
All the house candles bloomed that eveningtide:
But never light into such beauty brake
As her sweet face, they say, for Love's dear sake:
And your red tapers were alight outside:
But on her cheek a rose was that belied
The fairest blossom ever star did wake!

A hundred years——! Still shines your candle's ray:
While she, sweet human Rose of Yesterday,
Long faded, 'neath yon ancient willow lies:
Extinguished, both, the stars of her sweet eyes.
Ah, well, the June of Time hast thou: but she,
For blossom-time, hath all Eternity!

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BOOK II.—Chapter XII.

BLAISE PASCHAL remarks that, "If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been changed." Be that as it may, there is no doubt whatever that if the proboscis of Peggy O'Neal had been two inches longer, the history of *this* country would be different.

Of the mother of this celebrated woman, nothing is known: her father kept a boarding-house in Washington City; and Peggy grew up among the Congressmen, army and navy officers, and departmental clerks who patronized the O'Neal tavern. Without being pretty, she was piquant, witty, bewitching. Full of animal spirits, she enjoyed life in her own way, and her way happened to be very much more attractive to men than to women. Indeed, the knowing ones among Peggy's feminine acquaintances shook their heads, and predicted amiably that she would come to a bad end,—meaning, of course, that they hoped she would.

But the little Irish maiden, with all of her fun and frolic, her pert talk and romping manners, steered herself into a good marriage; thereby, no doubt, intensifying the envy and the dislike of sundry seeresses of evil. Timberlake, Peggy's husband, was a purser in the navy, and his duties kept him at sea most of the time. Apparently, this didn't bother his sprightly wife in the least. She had the gayest kind of a time among the young men who boarded at the house—so much so that she got her name on the social blacklist. Whether vicious persons wrote to Timberlake on the subject, is not known, but for some cause he committed suicide while his ship was in the Mediterranean.

One of the men with whom Peggy had been behaving most freely, and whose name was connected with hers in chronicles scandalous, was Senator John Eaton, of Tennessee. He soon married the young widow, although he knew that Washington society had shut the door in her face. Eaton had long been Andrew Jackson's warm personal friend, had been to the wars with him, had helped to pull the strings which elevated the General to the White House, and had written the biography of his Chief. By taking Peggy O'Neal to wife, Major Eaton made a social crisis inevitable, for he was taken into Jackson's Cabinet, and of course he expected that Peggy would be received in official circles.

John C. Calhoun had been slated for the Presidential succession. As the running-mate of Jackson, he had been overwhelmingly elected Vice-President in 1824, when his Chief was beaten. In like manner,

he had been elected Vice-President when Adams was defeated. He was nearing the summit of political success, and had every reason to believe that he would be President in two more years, for Jackson had publicly pledged himself not to accept a second term. But Martin Van Buren, "The Fox of Kinderhook," was bent on succeeding Jackson. He now began to scheme, subtly and tirelessly, to bring about a collision between Jackson and Calhoun.

When Jackson had been Senator, he had boarded at the O'Neal tavern. Both he and Aunt Rachel grew to be fond of the cheerful, winsome Peggy. Liking the girl, Jackson could see no fault in her. That was his way. He could not detect any blemish even in such a black-sheep as Henry Lee. He stoutly stood by Swartwout, when the rascal was conniving at wholesale thefts at the New York Custom House. As to Peggy O'Neal, the old General swore by the Eternal that she was as chaste as an angel—which was quite a doubtful compliment to the angel. Nobody could turn him, the least bit: he was Peggy's champion, ready to battle and perish in her sacred cause. On this subject, he wouldn't even listen to the preachers, although, as a rule, he was most partial to preachers. In fact, his own Washington pastor took him in hand in the matter of Peggy's true character, and the old hero stormed at the devoted clergyman, and browbeat him at such a dreadful rate, that his honored and beloved pastor had to flee the field. Whenever Peggy's name was mentioned, the General sprung his rattles, and was ready to strike.

Now, this situation was like a blessing from on high to Martin Van Buren. He knew General Jackson like a book, was as slippery as a greased Indian, as supple as a Hindoo acrobat, a courtier by nature, and utterly untrammelled by anything in the way of convictions. In his own day, he was known as the Talleyrand of American politics. Daniel Webster used to convulse audiences by pantomimic illustrations of the fox-like tread of "Little Van"—whose principles were said to consist of "five loaves and two fishes".

Martin was a widower, and hence his advantage over the other members of the Jackson Cabinet. He made a specialty of cultivating the acquaintance of the persecuted Peggy, and gave entertainments in her honor. Jackson was delighted, charmed, enraptured. His whole soul went forth to the diplomatic Martin. The flattery was so subtle, so fascinating, that the single-minded old warrior never once suspected the motive. Believing that Van Buren was as honest in his friendship to Peggy as he himself was, Jackson began to regard the wily New Yorker as a man after his own heart.

But how about the other members of the Cabinet? These statesmen had wives, and the ladies would brook no Jacksonian interference with social laws. They flatly refused to receive Mrs. Peggy Eaton. Jackson's own niece declined to associate with her. Mrs. Donelson was packed off to Tennessee, the whole Cabinet resigned, (excepting Barry, the Postmaster-General,) the doom of Calhoun was sealed, and the current of national history turned from its natural course.

Old Hickory, for once in his life, had tried persuasion. He wrote Calhoun a note urging him to take the part of persecuted Peggy, but Calhoun was as unbending a man as his Chief, and he courteously declined to take any hand in the row. In effect, he said, "Let the women settle it. They have their own laws, and nobody can change them." Jackson then got Richard M. Johnson (afterwards Vice-President,) to intercede with the refractory members of the Cabinet, but they were immovable. The sly Van Buren thought it was a good time for him to step down and out, and his letter of resignation, as Secretary of State, is one of the curiosities of political literature. Jackson puzzled over it, and finally said, "I can't make heads or tails of it, and I don't believe that Van Buren himself can."

Major Eaton was so disgusted and irritated by the treatment accorded his wife, that he resigned, also, and then Jackson made a clean sweep of the others.

In Colonel Colyar's "Life of Jackson", the effort is made to prove that the quarrel over Peggy O'Neal did not cause these Cabinet changes. Buell claims that Colyar makes out his case. But how can he, when there is on record the unchallenged letter of John McPherson Berrien, of Georgia, one of the retiring members of the Cabinet? This gentleman was wholly incapable of falsehood, and had his statement been untrue Jackson himself would have rushed into print to combat it. Mr. Berrien says in his letter, given to the public *then*, that they (the Calhoun men,) had been forced out of the Cabinet because their wives would not consent to receive Mrs. Eaton.

(There is a contemporaneous letter from Daniel Webster to the same effect.)

The refusal of Mrs. Calhoun to recognize Peggy O'Neal as her social equal, kindled the furious, implacable resentment of President Jackson, caused him to seek a cause for quarrel with the Vice-President, drove that illustrious leader into a hopeless opposition, brought about a change of mind in Jackson on the tariff question; threw the iron-willed President to the side of Clay and Webster, and laid the foundations for the bitter dissensions which evolved the Civil War.

Jackson practically abolished the Cabinet, and was controlled exclusively by men of the back-stairs, the famous "Kitchen Cabinet", composed of Amos Kendall, William B. Lewis, Isaac Hill, and Francis P. Blair, who succeeded Duff Green when that doughty fighter announced his adherence to Calhoun.

In all of the biographies you will read the statement that Andrew Jackson never forgave any man who had besmirched the fame of Aunt Rachel. I am sorry to tell you that the statement is untrue. Amos Kendall had been a rampant supporter of Henry Clay. As such, he had written and published scurrilities against Andrew Jackson and Aunt Rachel. But politics, which makes strange bed-fellows, brought Amos and Andrew to the same couch, and Amos was for many years the power behind the throne of Andrew Jackson.

The fateful feud which sprang up so suddenly and unexpectedly

between Jackson and Calhoun was of such tremendous consequence, that I am justified in giving you in full the Calhoun side of it.

James Parton in his "Life of Jackson", states that Mrs. Calhoun would not receive Mrs. Eaton, "although she had called upon the lady soon after her marriage in company with the Vice-President, her husband." This statement is specifically denied in the very letter, (published at the time,) in which Mr. Calhoun replied to General Eaton's public statement that Calhoun was "responsible for the persecutions of Mrs. Eaton".

It was General Eaton and Peggy who called on the Calhouns, in the absence of John C., and they were civilly treated by Mrs. Calhoun, who did not, however, return the call.

Mr. Calhoun's reply to the charges of General Eaton is as follows:

"When he [Gen. E.] and Mrs. Eaton made their visit I was not at home, as he states, and did not return until after they had retired. When I returned Mrs. Calhoun mentioned that they had been there, and said she would not have known who Mrs. Eaton was, had she not been with Mr. Eaton, as the servant had not announced their names. She, of course, treated her with civility. She could not with propriety do otherwise. The relation which Mrs. Eaton bore to the society of Washington became the subject of some general remarks. The next morning she informed me that she had made up her mind not to return the visit. She said that she considered herself in the light of a stranger in the place—that she knew nothing of Mrs. Eaton, or the truth or falsehood of the imputations on her character, and that she conceived it to be the duty of Mrs. Eaton, if innocent, to open her intercourse with the ladies who resided in the place, and who had the best means of forming a correct opinion of her conduct, and not with those who, like herself, had no means of forming a correct judgment. I replied that I approved of her decision, though I foresaw the difficulties in which it would probably involve me; but that I viewed the question involved as paramount to all political considerations, and was prepared to meet the consequences as to myself, be they what they might.

"So far from political motives having any influence in the course adopted, could they have been permitted to have any weight in the question, the very reverse course would have been pursued. The road to patronage and favor lay directly before me, could I have been base enough to tread it. The intimate relation between General Jackson and Major Eaton was well known, as well as the interest the former took in Mrs. Eaton's case, but as degraded as I would have felt myself, had I sought power in that direction, I would not have considered the infamy less, had we adopted the course we did from any other motive than a high and sacred regard to duty. It was not, in fact, a question of exclusion of one already admitted into society, but the admission of one already excluded. Before the marriage, while she was Mrs. Timberlake, she had not been admitted into the society of Washington; and the real question was, whether her marriage with Major Eaton should open the door already closed upon her, or, in other words, whether official rank and patronage should, or should not, prove paramount to that censorship which the sex exercises over itself, and on which all must acknowledge the purity and dignity of the female character mainly depends."

In the old *Southern Review*, I find the following:—

"We recollect many years ago, and not many before his death, having heard an account of this affair from Mr. Calhoun's own lips. There were a few friends present, and the conversation had turned upon General Jackson, his character, its impress on the times, and the mighty results which he had been the instrument in bringing about. In such connection it was natural that the Eaton affair should be

mentioned. Mr. Calhoun said: 'The matter had been discussed between Mrs. Calhoun and myself, but without coming to any positive conclusion. I had gone to my study, and was writing, when she came in without a word of introduction. She said: "Mr. Calhoun, I have determined not to return Mrs. Eaton's visit." I have heard that a drowning man will sometimes see, at a glance, his whole past life, and, at these words, it seemed as though the future was shown me in as sudden and as vivid a manner. The rupture with General Jackson; the Administration changing from a Free Trade policy to that of Protection; the failure to adjust the Tariff difficulties; Executive patronage brought to bear upon the States' Right leaders; personal property influencing the masses; certain Nullification by South Carolina, and almost certain attempt at coercion by the Federal Government—this was the panorama which passed like a flash before my eyes. I was roused from my partial reverie by Mrs. Calhoun saying again, and with emphasis, "I have determined, Mr. Calhoun, not to return Mrs. Eaton's visit." I then said that she misunderstood my silence, and said simply: "That is a question about which women should feel, not think. Their instincts are the safest guides. I entirely concur with you in your decision." ' Of course we only quote from memory, and, while the published statement gives the reason which influenced Mr. Calhoun's action as Vice-President, we have thought the anecdote might not be without interest, as affording a glimpse of the private feelings of the man and of the woman.

"The vindictive bitterness and unforgiving hate felt towards Mr. Calhoun for this act of manly independence can, at this day, be realized only by considering his then social and political position. His decision as to Mrs. Eaton's *status* was conclusive. Hence the experiment was first made on him, and it was made with every hope of success. His relations with General Jackson were then, and had been for years, of the most intimate and friendly character. For this reason it was supposed he would be inclined to yield. Then, the country, as will be seen further on, was terribly convulsed, and upon the very verge of revolution. The position which General Jackson should assume relative to the great issue then pending, it was generally admitted, would decide the fate of the country for weal or for woe. He was as yet, if not halting between two opinions, at least not openly committed. The wonderful influence which Mrs. Eaton had over him was well known. Married to a Cabinet Minister, she was determined not to be excluded from the houses of his colleagues. If friendship, or personal ambition, could not influence Mr. Calhoun, might not love of country do so? If his personal relations with General Jackson were uninterrupted, the Administration would be under his control. General Jackson once secured, his personal popularity and iron will, backed by the (even then) powerful patronage of the Government, would give easy and quick victory to the Republican party over their enemies, and the enemies of the Constitution. Could General Jackson be induced only to avow publicly the principles of the party to which he had always professed to belong, and announced his determination to act upon them, prosperity would be secured to the South, and peace to the whole country. The Executive standing squarely on the Jeffersonian doctrine of '98 and '99, consolidationism must yield or die. Georgia, in 1827, had asserted the right of State interpretation, and denounced a tariff for protection as unconstitutional. South Carolina, in December, 1828, had concurred in these views, and published the 'exposition'. Alabama, in 1828, and again in 1829, avowed the same doctrine. Virginia, through her Legislature, by a vote of 134 to 68, had reaffirmed her Resolutions of '98 and '99. Should even one of these States nullify the Act of 1828, known over the whole South as the 'Bill of Abominations', and the President declare that he had no power to enforce it, the wheels of government must stand still or the bill be repealed, and a constitutional act passed for the legitimate purposes of revenue."

* * * * * * * * *

On August 16, 1818, William H. Crawford, and his bosom friend, Hon. Thomas Cobb, spent the night with Fleming Grantland, in Milledgeville, Georgia. Mr. Grantland was the editor of *The Georgia Journal*. Nine days later, there appeared in this newspaper an editorial in

which it was stated, that the Monroe Cabinet had been equally divided on the question of arresting General Jackson, because of his lawless conduct during the Seminole campaign. (This is the very first reference to the matter that I have been able to trace. It was found in a very scarce, out-of-print volume, which Captain James Barrett, of Augusta, Georgia, was kind enough to procure for me.)

The inference that Editor Grantland got his information from William H. Crawford is unavoidable. Crawford was a member of Monroe's Cabinet during the Seminole campaign. He spent the night at Grantland's house a few days before the official secret appeared in Grantland's paper. No other member of Monroe's Cabinet had talked with the editor on that subject. In the abandon of private conversation, the guest had "told tales out of school". And I must say that there is a suggestion of political calculation in Crawford's conduct, for Grantland, a gentleman of the highest character, would not have made editorial use of the Crawford statement if there had been no understanding to that effect. The editorial was an attack on Jackson, apparently inspired by Crawford.

Now, John Forsyth, of Georgia, was a very able man, and one of the best of political manipulators: his hatred of John C. Calhoun was consuming. It is highly probable that he read the editorial in the Milledgeville paper. (That city was then the capital of Georgia, and the *Journal* an influential sheet.) The circumstances indicate that he *did* read the Crawford statement, either in the *Journal*, or in some other periodical. However, there is no evidence to show that there was any effort made that time to identify those Cabinet officers who favored Jackson's arrest. Years passed, Crawford was paralyzed, and went into retirement, filled with a raging detestation of Calhoun.

Then came Martin Van Buren, eagerly hunting for something that would embitter Andrew Jackson against John C. Calhoun. The refusal of the Southern lady, the Vice-President's wife, to recall Peggy O'Neal from social banishment had enraged Eaton and Jackson, but the old General could not afford to pick a quarrel with Mr. Calhoun about that. His own niece agreed with Mrs. Calhoun, and imitated her example. Besides, on such an issue, the whole country would probably decide that the ladies had a right to choose their own associates. So Jackson bided his time. With all of his fierceness of temper was intermingled a fine discretion. All at once, a rumor began to circulate —a rumor that William H. Crawford had written a letter to John Forsyth in which the statement was made that Calhoun had been in favor of Jackson's arrest during the Seminole War. Significantly enough, that rumor reached Jackson through the son of Alexander Hamilton, confidential friend of Martin Van Buren.

And even more significant is the fact that the rumor never arose until after Van Buren had gone down to Georgia, and spent a night at Crawford's house.

The old General immediately wrote Calhoun a curt, offensive letter demanding to know whether Crawford's statement were true. Ad-

mirers of Calhoun would be most happy to relate that the Vice-President stood upon his dignity, and declined to discuss the matter. It was a Cabinet secret, and Jackson had no right to require its revelation. But it is vastly more easy for you and I to see what course Calhoun should have pursued, than it was for him when that terrible crisis came upon him. He might have known that nothing he could say would appease Jackson. He *had* condemned the lawlessness of certain Jacksonian doings, and he had been quite right in it. Nobody but a Jesuitical J. Q. Adams could justify those proceedings. Instead of a manly defiance of the irreconcilable President, Mr. Calhoun had the weakness to answer him in a prodigiously long letter, which utterly failed of its purpose. He could do some hurt to the fame of Crawford, but it was not in his power to pacify the vengeful champion of Peggy O'Neal. When Mr. Calhoun had the further bad judgment to write, a second time, Jackson virtually told him that he did not care to hear another word from him.

The rupture was complete, final and, to Calhoun's presidential aspirations, fatal. And the strangest thing about it all is, that Calhoun proved by overwhelming evidence that Jackson had known, in 1818, that Calhoun disapproved of some of his conduct in the Seminole War. Like the queer movements made by the Jacksonian managers, in the matter of the Rhea letter, there is something in the episode that never has come to light. With two such unscrupulous manipulators as Amos Kendall and Martin Van Buren, concealment of tracks was a fine art.

One of the curious features of the episode was that Calhoun at first believed that he had laid Jackson out, and that he himself had come off triumphant.

His letter to Hon. James H. Hammond is worth quotation. (The italics are mine.)

"TO JAMES H. HAMMOND.

"WASHINGTON 16th Feb 1831

"Dear Sir, the mail, that takes this, will bring you a copy of the Correspondence with Gen. Jackson. It will speak for itself. *Gen. Jackson has certainly involved himself in great difficulty in this affair.* He has, to say the least, been sadly duped; yet, I think, the proper course, at least at first, is to say little about him. Let the press direct the publick indignation against the contriver of this profligate intrigue. Who is the prime mover belongs rather to the publick, than to me, to say. One thing, however, is remarkable, that every individual connected with it, is the correspondent and friend of a certain prominent individual, who made a visit to Georgia in 1827. The origin dates certainly from about that period, as you will see by Mr. Crawford's letter to Mr. Balch of Nashville. The affair, I hope, may open the eyes of Genl. Jackson. It is most unfortunate for him and the country, that he has so greatly misplaced his confidence. *Unless he should withdraw it, and that speedily, it is hard to anticipate the result. Universal discontent, distraction, and corruption seem to be taking possession of the country.*

"I write in great haste, and you must understand, what I have said, as being for your inspection only. (Signed) JNO. C. CALHOUN."

(The "prominent individual" alluded to was Van Buren.)

The following letter is even more remarkable:

"TO SAMUEL L. GOUVERNEUR.

"FORT HILL 22d May 1835

"My dear Sir, I have just heard from a respectable source, that a book is now writing at Washington under the auspices of Genl. Jackson and to be published when he retires, on the subject of the Seminole affair; in which an attack will be made both on Mr. Monroe's character and my own, and in which the affidavit of John Rhea is to form a prominent part. I deem it important to apprise you of the fact, that it is believed at Washington, that such a work is in progress.

"I had no doubt that any effort, that baseness and ingenuity can devise will be resorted to induce you, by them, who believe that all are venial and base like themselves, to abandon the defense of Mr. Monroe, but I feel perfectly confident without the slightest effect. *General Jackson feels deeply mortified with the situation he occupies in relation to the affair; and is determined that nothing shall be omitted to reverse it if possible in the eyes of posterity.* As to myself individually I certainly can have no objection that he should renew his attack on me in relation to it. *He has heretofore gained nothing by his attacks, and I shall take care, if he should renew it, not to let him off as easily as I have in the correspondence.*

"I would be glad to hear from you, and to learn, whether you have any information as to the supposed contemplated publication, and in particular who is to be the author.

"Mrs. C. joins her best respects to yourself and Mrs. G."

The book to which Calhoun refers was actually under way, but a death-bed statement made by James Monroe caused the Jackson men to halt. The dying ex-President most positively and solemnly denied the truth of the material allegations made in the Rhea affidavit.

We are told that after the return of the Donelsons to Tennessee, Peggy O'Neal acted on State occasions as First Lady of the land. She arranged the details of the entertainments, and presided over them. There came near being an international rumpus because of the conduct of the wife of the Dutch minister, who rose indignantly and sailed out of the White House, when she saw that fascinating Peggy was in command.

She was a plucky little woman, was Margaret O'Neal, and one can not repress his admiration of her gallantry in battling with those "stuck-up" Washington ladies. Really there never was a scrap of trustworthy evidence brought against her. General Jackson himself challenged her accusers to a show-down; and they completely failed in the attempts to produce testimony.

As she grew older, Mrs. Eaton became more sedate, and she enjoyed all the "society" that she desired. She survived to the year 1879, when she died in Washington. Her husband became estranged from his old Chief and was his bitter enemy.

I find the following in the defunct *Southern Review:*—

"After General Jackson had retired from public life, and the places which had known him knew him no longer, the more respectable of his adherents began very unmistakably to show Mrs. Eaton the cold shoulder. She was not one to be very easily put down, and, where the force was too great to resist, she never submitted with patience, nor failed to pay back all acts of unkindness, and usually with interest. Mrs. Polk, when presiding at the White House, found her acquaintance not

desirable, and took no pains to conceal her impressions. Mrs. Eaton was not long in discovering this, and acted promptly. Not knowing when she might be actually excluded, she seized upon the first opportunity of a gathering of the great ones of the land at the Presidential mansion, and presented herself. Fortune favors the brave, and it favored her on this occasion. Mrs. Polk was seated when she entered, and by her side sat the wife of a foreign ambassador, who was herself, however, an American. Mrs. Eaton approached, nodded with a pleasant and familiar smile, and took a vacant seat which happened to be next them. They were surrounded by ambassadors, senators, judges, and members of the Cabinet, and became immediately so engaged in conversation as apparently not to observe the new comer. Peggy bided her time, and, taking advantage of the first pause, said in a very distinct voice, and with a manner that attracted instant attention, 'Good morning, Mrs. Polk, you did not see me; no matter, in such a charming circle I don't wonder at it. And you, too, Madame ————; how very well you are both looking. By the way, what a funny country this is! Only think that we three daughters of tavern-keepers should be sitting together here in the White House, and receiving the attentions of the most distinguished of our own countrymen and of the representatives of the crowned heads of Europe! Why, how embarrassed you both look! I don't mind it a bit. Your father, you know, Madame ————, kept a tavern in Connecticut, and yours, Mrs. Polk, in Tennessee, and mine—well, mine did not exactly keep a tavern, it was a private boarding-house for members of Congress, but, for the sake of the unities, we'll call it a tavern. And to think how oddly it has all turned out. You, Madame, married a foreign minister, and you, Mrs. Polk, are the wife of the President, and my husband was a member of the Cabinet, and foreign minister; and here we all are together in the White House. Funny country, isn't it! Good morning, Mrs. Polk; good-morning, Madame ————; I will see you both again soon.' And so having brought her guns quickly into battery, and delivered her fire, she limbered up and retired before the enemy could reply. The effect can be more easily imagined than described. So parted Peggy with her two friends, who did not approve of her."

Buell preserves this little anecdote, which throws a sidelight on Jackson's admiration for Peggy O'Neal: "A favorite boast of Jackson's was that his feet 'had never pressed foreign soil': that, 'born and raised in the United States, he had never been out of the country'. It is recorded that he one day made this exultant observation in the presence of Mrs. Eaton, whose Irish wit prompted her to inquire, 'But how about Florida, General?'

"'That's so. I did go to Florida when it was a foreign country, but I had quite forgotten that fact when I made the remark.'

"'I expect, General, you forgot that Florida was foreign when you made the trip?'

"The General was put *hors de combat* for a moment, but soon rallied. 'Yes, yes, may be so. Some weak-kneed people in our own country seemed to think so.'

"'Oh, well, General, never mind. Florida didn't stay foreign long after you had been there!'

"This was one of his favorite anecdotes for the rest of his life. Whenever he related it, he would add: 'Smartest little woman in America, sir; by all odds, the smartest!'"

ANECDOTES OF THE PERIOD

Henry Clay as a Gentleman's Gambler

"Whist was regularly played at many of the 'Congressional messes', and at private parties a room was always devoted to whist-playing. Once when the wife of Henry Clay was chaperoning a young lady from Boston, at a party given by one of his associates in the Cabinet, they passed through the card-room, where Mr. Clay and other gentlemen were playing whist. The young lady, in her Puritan simplicity, inquired: 'Is card-playing a common practice here?' 'Yes', replied Mrs. Clay, 'the gentlemen always play when they get together.' 'Don't it distress you', said the Boston maiden, 'to have Mr. Clay gamble?' 'Oh! dear, no!' composedly replied the statesman's wife, 'he most always wins.'"

The Surly Temper of J. Q. Adams

"Senator Tazewell, Mr. Randolph's colleague, was a first-class Virginia abstractionist and an avowed hater of New England. Dining one day at the White House, he provoked the President by offensively asserting that he had 'never known a Unitarian who did not believe in the sea-serpent'. Soon afterward Mr. Tazewell spoke of the different kinds of wines, and declared that Tokay and Rhenish wine were alike in taste. 'Sir', said Mr. Adams, 'I do not believe you ever drank a drop of Tokay in all your life.' For this remark the President subsequently sent an apology to Mr. Tazewell, but the Virginia Senator never forgot or forgave the remark."

Daniel Webster Takes Too Much Wine

"An amusing account has been given of an after-dinner speech by Mr. Webster at a gathering of his political friends, when he had to be prompted by a friend who sat just behind him, and gave him successively phrases and topics. The speech proceeded somewhat after this fashion: Prompter: 'Tariff'. Webster: 'The tariff, gentlemen, is a subject requiring the profound attention of the statesman. American industry, gentlemen, must be—' (nods a little). Prompter: 'National Debt.' Webster: 'And, gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid' (loud cheers, which rouse the speaker): 'yes, gentlemen, it should be paid (cheers), and I'll be hanged if it shan't be—(taking out his pocketbook)—I'll pay it myself! How much is it?' This last question was asked of a gentleman near him with drunken seriousness, and, coupled with the recollection of the well-known impecuniosity of Webster's pocketbook it excited roars of laughter, amidst which the orator sank into his seat and was soon asleep."

Charity-brokers Defied by Andrew Jackson

"General Jackson turned a deaf ear to the numerous applications made to him for charity. At one time when he was President a large number of Irish immigrants were at work on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal in Georgetown, and, the weather being very hot, many of them were prostrated by sunstroke and bilious diseases. They were without medical aid, the necessities of life, or any shelter except the shanties in which they were crowded. Their deplorable condition led to the formation of a society of Irish-Americans, with the venerable Mr. McLeod, a noted instructor, as president. A committee from this Society waited on the President for aid, and Mr. McLeod made known the object of their visit. General Jackson interrupted him by saying that he 'entirely disapproved of the Society; that the fact of its existence would induce these fellows to come one hundred miles to get the benefit of it; that if the Treasury of the United States were at his disposal it could not meet the demands that were daily made upon him, and he would not be driven from the White House a beggar-man like old Jim Monroe.'"

The Indian Chief

"The then recently completed *rotunda* of the Capitol—Mr. Gales took pains to have it called *rotundo* in the *National Intelligencer*—was a hall of elegant proportions, ninety-six feet in diameter and ninety-six feet in height to the apex of its semicircular dome. It had been decorated with remarkable historical basreliefs by Cappellano, Gevelot, and Causici, three Italian artists—two of them pupils of Canova. They undoubtedly possessed artistic ability and they doubtless desired to produce works of historical value. But they failed ignominiously. Their respective productions were thus interpreted by Grizzly Bear, a Menominee chief. Turning to the eastern doorway, over which there is represented the landing of the Pilgrims, he said: 'There Ingen give hungry white man corn.' Then turning to the northern doorway, over which is represented William Penn making a treaty with the Indians, he said: 'There Ingen give white man land.' Then turning to the western doorway, over which is represented Pocahontas saving the life of Captain Smith, he said: 'There Ingen save white man's life.' And then turning to the southern doorway, over which is represented Daniel Boone, the pioneer, plunging his hunting-knife into the heart of a red man, while his foot rests on the dead body of another, he said: 'And there white man kill Ingen. Ugh!'"

Adams and Jackson

"That evening President Monroe gave a public reception at the White House, which had just been rebuilt, after having been burned by the British army—in 1814. The two candidates, Mr. Adams, the elect, and General Jackson, the defeated, accidentally met in the East Room. General Jackson, who was escorting a lady, promptly extended

his hand, saying pleasantly: 'How do you do, Mr. Adams? I give you my left hand, for the right, as you see, is devoted to the fair. I hope you are very well, sir.' All this was gallantly and heartily said and done. Mr. Adams took the General's hand, and said, with chilling coldness: 'Very well, sir; I hope General Jackson is well!' The military hero was genial and gracious, while the unamiable diplomat was as cold as an iceberg."

(But Adams acted as he felt, while Jackson concealed his raging hatred with geniality and graciosity.)

These anecdotes are taken from the Ben Purley Poore's "Reminiscences".

(CONTINUED IN FEBRUARY ISSUE)

Will He Go Down in the Crash? —Baltimore *Sun*

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By TOM DOLAN

The Sixty-first Congress

DECEMBER sixth brought Congress back on our hands. There is sufficient unfinished and new business to keep that body busy enough, but it has been clearly apparent for many months that this sixty-first session would be anything but devoted to sound constructive work. All real issues will probably be side-stepped as much as possible.

Mr. Taft's message was but a thin film of very feeble thought spread out over seventeen thousand words. Many of the things in which Congress and the public are interested were evaded by reservation for special messages later. The Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, reorganization of the army, the Sherman anti-trust law, the Interstate Commerce Act and Nicaraguan question are among these. This first message dealing, presumably, with all matters in a broad way, exposes Mr. Taft plainly as a man of most superficial information. He hesitates to express himself positively because he seems to lack the knowledge and the conviction necessary for positive opinions. It is hardly necessary, in view of the weakness of this voluminous document, to summarize with any particularity, but those points which impress one as being of most importance are: Mr. Taft's unwillingness to have the tariff tampered with for several years; his reiteration in favor of postal savings banks and ship subsidies; his direction of economy in the conduct of the various departments; and his hands-off policy as to the Sugar Trust scandals.

Mr. Taft shows slyness and calculation in his desire that no effort be made toward the reduction of tariff duties until the Commission has time to report. He knows, in spite of his effort to defend the bill, that it is the most iniquitous ever put upon the American people and that they have a right to demand that he use his reserve influence steadily in favor of lower duties instead of abandoning the public for an indefinite period to the increased rapacity of the monopolies. His idea that tariff agitation unsettles business shows cowardice; business ought to be unsettled until the tariff is settled right, and it requires no report of commissioners for any intelligent man to know that the tariff is merely an extension of favor to the trusts.

Mr. Taft's desire for an economical administration is very commendable and sounds a welcome note indeed, and his continued friendliness toward postal savings banks may have its weight in getting such a measure through either the present Congress or one in the near future.

With the President's feeling in reference to a Congressional investigation of the Sugar Trust we

are in sympathy to the extent that the matter is one of such ordinary cheating and swindling that the humblest J. P. court in

The President Returns in Time for the First Meeting of the Cabineteers Protective Association

—Baltimore *Sun*

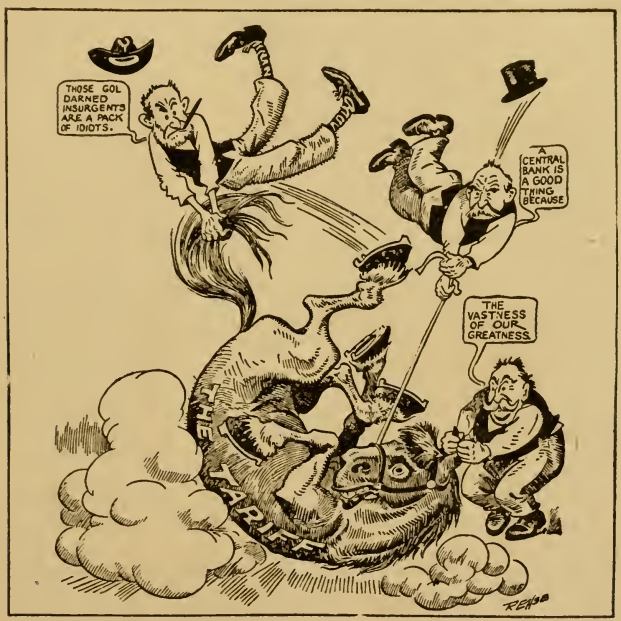
ever, is to accept the abundance of proofs that the case offers and absolutely abolish the duty on sugar and leave to the proper courts

the land should be able to determine the guilt of the parties, and a Congressional investigation could make no plainer the obvious. What Congress should do, how-

of jurisdiction the sentencing of the thieves to jail. To dignify these common felons by a Congressional investigation is to argue that our ordinary law courts

are incapable of handling larceny and common fraud.

The Jeffersonian has always condemned in unmeasured terms the Ship Subsidy scheme and pensions for civil employees. Certain the Lloyd-George budget and "put themselves upon the country". The result is that the country is in such a furore as England has not known for a century, and a real political revolution is now



The Tariff Being Settled, Uncle Joe, Aldrich and Taft Have Time to Talk About Other Things

—Rehse in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*

other recommendations will be specifically discussed hereafter.

The English Crisis

WELL, the Lords "went and done it". After all the agitation and fair warning they received from their foes and from their friends, the Peers threw out in progress. Very cleverly Lloyd-George put his unprecedented budget purely in the form of a revenue measure, and, as a counter-feint, the "ancient waxworks" solemnly takes the English people into its confidence and flatteringly says: "We will not pass this budget without the confirmation of the people," thereby hoping

that the great middle classes will rally to their aid and defeat the budget, at the same time sustaining the Lords in their unconstitutional act of throwing out a tax measure. The Englishman loves his constitution and is a stickler for his precedents, but the Englishman is also an animal subject to cold feet, particularly where his "unearned increment" and other privileges are concerned. Yet the exceeding perilousness of the Lords' position is apparent in the pleas they are making to all classes, even trying to persuade the chief beneficiary of the tax measure to vote against it, appealing to his love of what they sweetly term the laborer's comforts, "whisky, beer and 'baccy". What the outcome will be no one can predict, but radical sentiment the world over can but hope that the unholy combination of landlordism and brewery will go down in defeat and the eminently just and progressive measures of Lloyd-George ultimately prevail. Will the "ancient waxworks" ever sit again? It would be well for England if her hereditary incubus were shaken off at this most opportune time.

* * * *

At last the harp of Ireland is being played upon by the opposing forces contesting for its favorable note. In the background, year after year, has been kept Erin's dearest hope; land bills and palliative measures from time to time have come up in an effort to content the Celts with certain material advantages, while denying to that great people its rightful privilege of self-government. Now Radical and Conservative contend for the favor of the Irish faction as suitors contend for the hand of their mistress. John Redmond is a gentleman much cultivated these days, and it is amusing to note that if he seems to favor the Radicals, the Tories at once denounce the possible combination as an appeal to "Irish greed"; while if he leans slightly to the Lords' side that possible combination at once becomes sacrosanct, and vice-versa. If out of the turmoil and stress is born a sovereign Ireland the campaign would be a glorious one, quite without regard to the original cause of the controversy.

Standard Oil Dissolved

WITHIN the month the tedious suit of the Government to dissolve the Standard Oil, as a combination in restraint of trade, has been technically brought almost to a successful conclusion. It will now take its way to the Supreme Court where, without doubt, the opinion of Judge W. H. Sanborn, of St. Paul, and his associates, will be confirmed. The important features of that opinion are, in part, as follows:

"That the Standard Company, its directors, officers, agents, servants, and employees are enjoined and prohibited from voting any of the stock in any of the subsidiary companies named in Section 2 of this decree, and from exercising or attempting to exercise any control, direction, supervision, or influence over the acts of these subsidiary companies by virtue of its holding of their stock.

"And these subsidiary companies . . . are enjoined and prohibited from declaring or paying any dividends to the Standard Company on account of any of the stock of these subsidiary companies held by the Standard Company and from permitting the latter company to

vote any stock in, or to . . . exercise any control over . . . said companies by virtue of such stock, or by virtue of the ratably to the shareholders of the principal company the shares to which they are equitably entitled in the stocks of the

"WAND'RING NEAR HER SECRET BOW'R, MOLEST HER ANCIENT SOLITARY REIGN."

—Philadelphia *Public Ledger*

power over such subsidiary corporations acquired by means of the illegal combination. But the defendants are not prohibited by this decree from distributing defendant corporations that are parties to the combination. . . . . .

"The defendants named in Section 2 of this decree are enjoined and prohibit-

ed, until the discontinuance of the operation of the illegal combination, from engaging or continuing in commerce among the States or in the Territories of the United States."

It will be readily seen that this is another one of those theoretical victories which, after all, amount to scarcely a passing annoyance to the defendants. It is barren of real legal sanction, and the Sherman anti-trust law, as in the case of the Commodities Clause of the Hepburn bill, amounts to absolutely nothing in the way of practical relief from the abuses of the mergers. It is precisely the same as if the court had said: "Under the provisions of the Sherman law you can not proceed in *this* way, but we cheerfully direct you to another way of accomplishing the same result."

* * * *

There is small wonder that the public impatience manifests itself in the demand that the anti-trust law be amended in such way as to make it of more force and effect. In this, as in the case of other such Federal efforts at control, futility ought to be self-evident to the thinking individual. The concert of the States is the only way in which effective regulation may be accomplished. One State may prosecute with vigor the violations of its anti-trust provisions, but its success is limited and unsatisfactory when it acts alone. Federal interference has reached about the end of its tether. The effort of the Federal Government in the Northern Securities case proved absolutely void; in the case of the Pennsylvania Railroads and coal-mines, it was worthless; the Interstate Commerce Commission, in its effort to regulate freight rates in the Middle West, met ignominious defeat. Clearly, then, one conclusion is unavoidable; that there must be Government ownership and control of public utilities and there must be a revival of State interest in the other matters. For years the American people have allowed such measures as the Sherman anti-trust law to take out of their hands the right and duty to regulate the corporations doing business within the borders of their States. It has been as much an evasion of State responsibility as it has been a usurpation of Federal authority.

"Interstate" business is rather an artificial distinction highly favorable to predatory corporations: at the instant a Standard Oil train crosses the borders of Texas, it is within the State of Louisiana, and it rests with the several States to determine that they will lift from the people both the burden of corporation domination and the enervating Federal efforts at control. Texas dealt the Standard Oil Company and its subsidiary companies in that State a real blow. If other States would do likewise, the Standard Oil would come to terms quickly or go out of business.

Plight of Zelaya

DEFEAT a weak nation, demand indemnity of its impoverished government, and the acquisition of territory is certain. These three simple steps in subjugation and despoliation have been the A, B, C's of Aggressive Imperialism ever since the world began. Spain, in Morocco, nego-

tiating with the disheartened Riff tribesmen for vast areas of their country; Japan, in China, grabbing railroads and mines; the United States, in Nicaragua, expanding its Canal Zone by identical procedure, are the latest examples of chicanery and greed trampling under foot every tenet of the moral law.

Cuba's Semi-Occasional Disturbance

"Better be keerful, Cuby!" —Baltimore *Sun*

Zelaya's downfall was a foregone conclusion and will have been accomplished long before we begin to write it, 1910. Remains, of course to blacken his character, to brand him as an adventurer, a dictator, a brigand and a common thief, but this, too, is easily done when a sycophantic press applauds the policies of "our rulers" even to the point of kow-towing to the fat little mass of lymphoid tissue, Philander "Corporation" Knox.

The execution of the conspirators, Groce and Cannon, was a crime on the part of Zelaya; but their plot to blow up the ship Diamente was a commendably humane and lofty exploit. Zelaya, as President of the Nicaraguan Republic, should have allowed the

enterprise to proceed, for the killing and maiming of the men on the vessel could have been nothing but an honor, if done by Americans. International courtesy demands that willing targets be provided for any dynamite bombs which an enemy smuggles into the country, and a government which presumes to defend itself deserves to be "spanked."

But why prolong the story? We have forgotten that to do injustice, invites injustice; that to make war upon weaker nations only destroys for ourselves the great peace that was possible so long as our nation was a splendid moral force, seeking no quarrels and defending only those who were oppressed. We have ceased to lead, to blaze the way for the world, and are now but trailers in the ruck of all the viciousness and error which have clogged the feet of Christian progress. Who will write for *us* a Recessional ere history writes failure as the end of the grandest experiment in democracy the world has ever known?

After Gomez' Scalp, Too

THE administration of President Gomez, of Cuba, is an admitted failure. That is to say, those who made up their minds about it long before it began have admitted it, and for the rest, Gomez has his hands rather full of real affairs and can not stop the mouthings of those who were not willing to let him warm the presidential chair before crying out dismally against him. There is a deficit in the treasury, as a matter of course, but not a few other countries centuries older and wiser manage to hobble along very well without losing much sleep over deficits that, as compared to that of Cuba, are as the ocean to a frog-pond. The most serious feature in the Cuban situation, however, is the "negro party" which is forming there against the party of Gomez. These coons either think, or more probably are being told by schemers on the island, that they are not getting enough of the spoils. The so-called "negro discontent" just at this juncture has the look of being fomented for a purpose—and that purpose, naturally, is nothing less than the disruption of the country politically, another revolution and the call upon Uncle Samuel for an intervention, which will this time result in permanent annexation. The widely heralded "determination to give the new administration a fair trial" when it was duly inaugurated about a year ago impressed nobody as sincere. A few partisans of Gomez may have been willing to stand by him, but the partisans of Zayas, of Menocal, the Annexationists, and last, but not least, upon the island afflicted by their presence, the motley horde of mongrels, were all predetermined to clamor against the administration at the first opportunity, and to see, further, that the opportunity were forthcoming, through any pretext.

The winter will doubtless tell the story for Cuba.

Truckling to the Vatican

DEEPER than mere desire for political supremacy in the Canal Zone (which is bounded on the north by the Arctic Ocean,

east by the Atlantic, south by the Straits of Magellan and west by the Pacific Ocean) is the subtle and deadly conspiracy to subjugate the entire Occidental World to the Church of Rome.

The description of the Pan-American Thanksgiving is enough to make a patriot recoil in a kind

Officers, Justices of the Supreme Court and public personages, all *seated according to their rank*, with the *flags of the different countries* marking the pews of the members of the several legations. In other words, this ceremony was equivalent to the Catholic Church taking charge not only of the

The West:—"The organ may be all right, but I don't like the organizer"

—Rehse, in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*

of horror. St. Patrick's, the largest church in Baltimore, held the gorgeous function, at which Cardinal Gibbons presided, assisted by Mgr. Diomede Falconio, *papal delegate to the United States*, and other high ecclesiastics. Mr. Taft with his military aide, the elegant Archibald Butt, various members of the Diplomatic Corps, and South American dignitaries, were present. Worst of all, filed in the Cabinet

United States but the whole Western World. The prelates and clericals were robed in their magnificent cloth of gold vestments, and Falconio occupied an especial canopied throne!

In the name of pure and undefiled religion, in the name of our simple Protestant people and in the name of our democracy, what does such an outrageous ceremony mean? Why does Mr. Taft, elected as the representative of a free republic,

prostrate himself before the throne of a papal delegate? leaving his own Church and his own city to do honor to an Italian priest and give governmental sanction to the Roman Catholic Church. That Christ who was born in a manger, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, who had nowhere to lay his head, is insulted and crucified again by this insolent pomp masquerading in His name, but representing nothing in the world but a temporal kingdom, which is undermining and overwhelming the free institutions of America and trampling in the dust those who believe that to follow Jesus means a scorn of all earthly vainglories. Well may Cardinal Gibbons report to his master at the Vatican that the Occidental World is simply a papal tributary.

Before people generally could read and write, in order to transfer land, the owner thereof would take the purchaser upon the property and, in the presence of witnesses, formally hand him a twig broken from some tree, or a piece of turf, or something that represented actual surrender of his ownership to that other. This was called *livery of seisin.* This Catholic-concocted arrangement was nothing less than livery of seisin, which represented the formal surrender of the American government to papal ownership. Invited to witness this debasing delivery were the following guests, none of whom denounced the humiliating performance:

President Taft.
Secretary of State P. C. Knox.
Secretary of Interior R. A. Ballinger.
Ambassador of Brazil, Joaquim Nabuco, Mrs. Nabuco, and Miss Nabuco.
Minister of Costa Rica, Mrs. Calvo, and the Misses Calvo.
Minister of Bolivia and Miss Calderon.
Minister of Argentine Republic.
Minister of Guatemala and Mrs. Toledo Herrarte.
Minister of Salvador and Mme. Mejia, and Misses Mejia.
Minister of Chile and Mrs. Cruz.
Minister of Honduras.
Minister of Panama.
Minister of Haiti and Mrs. Sannon.
Minister of Cuba and Mrs. Garcia Velez.
Minister of Venezuela.
Minister of Nicaragua.
Charge d'affaires of the Dominican Republic.
John Barrett, director of the Bureau of American Republics, and Mrs. Barrett.
Francisco Yames, secretary of the Bureau of American Republics.
Senor Balbino, charge d'affaires of Mexico, and Mrs. Balbino.
Mr. and Mrs. Chermont, secretary of the Brazilian Embassy.
Consul-General Clifford S. Walton, of Paraguay.
Justice White and Mrs. White.
Justice McKenna.
Justice Brewer and Mrs. Brewer.
General O'Reilly and Mrs. O'Reilly.
Admiral Ramsey and Miss Ramsey.
General Torney.
General J. J. O'Connell.
Admiral and Mrs. Rand.
Commissioner and Miss West.
Joseph Ralph and Mrs. Ralph.
M. D. O'Connell and Mrs. O'Connell.
Charles P. Neill and Mrs. Neill.
William H. De Lacy.
United States Attorney D. W. Baker.
Samuel B. Donnelly.
Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. Gordan Cain and Mrs. Cain.
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Blythe.
Mr. and Mrs. Cuno H. Rudolph.
Scott C. Bone.
Ira E. Bennett.
Mr. and Mrs. O'Laughlin.
Rudolph Foster and Mrs. Foster.
Mr. and Mrs. Mischler.
Mr. McCatheran.
Sir Horace Plunkett.
Gifford Pinchot.
Thomas R. Shipp.
Commissioner of Pensions Davenport.

The Sugar Trust

IF THE facts in the Sugar Trust scandals were placed before any ten-year-old child of ordinary intelligence there is no doubt that such a child would arrive at the conclusion that the officials of the Trust as well as the Government officials who have colluded with them should become inmates of the Federal prisons just as quickly as the courts could proceed. To Mr. Loeb is due the credit of bringing these matters into the limelight within the past year. Whether or not he understood how widespread the matter would become it is impossible to say, and each succeeding month sees the wave reach further and wash some new iniquity upon the beach.

At the Sugar Barrel —Baltimore *Sun*

Ever since the Civil War the American Sugar Refining Company has had its way supreme, and for many years efforts have been made from time to time to bring the Havemeyer crowd to justice. In 1889, when Lyman J. Gage was Secretary of the Treasury, a report was brought to him of fraud against the Government, which he disposed of in the following complacent way: "I am sure that my good friend, Mr. Havemeyer, does not know anything about this. Lay the report before him and tell him that these practices must cease," or words to that effect. In short, the proofs of Havemeyer's guilt were to be laid before Havemeyer himself —quite an excellent way to avoid any embarrassment to that gentleman. Secretary Shaw estimated, during his regime, that the Sugar Trust made a billion dollars a year, and he was doubtless also in possession of proof of its frauds, but he made no steps to prevent them. No matter which party was in power, the Sugar Trust was always in the ascendency, and it is a well-known fact that they have themselves dictated the sugar schedules in every tariff bill that has ever been formed. Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt have been mere tools in the hands of the sugar interests, allowing the American people to be taxed to protect this monstrous monopoly and allowing the Government further to be robbed of a million dollars a year in its tariff duties at the Port of New York.

When Mr. George W. Earle laid before Roosevelt and Bonaparte the facts in reference to the fraudulent absorption of the Pennsylvania Sugar Company by the American Sugar Refining Company, both these gentlemen declined to take any action. For some reason, the Sugar Trust was held harmless throughout that administration.

They Work Either Single or Double
—Gregg in the New York *American*

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About a year ago there began to be agitation in the Custom House and some petty underlings were caught in Mr. Loeb's dragnet as manipulating the scales to defraud the Government of its legitimate duties. Steadily the matter has progressed, reaching men

higher up, until the scandal has involved nearly every man in the New York Custom House as well as official after official in the Trust; and Mr. Loeb is singularly undiscerning if he does not see that the rising tide will engulf the reputation of his Chief, the great T. R. himself.

Mr. Havemeyer has departed this sphere, but efforts have not been wanting on the part of living rascals to hide their guilt behind the dead man. Before the Sugar Trust scandals are history the exposure will have besmirched not only the heads of the Trust but the Government.

The Two Dromios

—The Boston *Herald*

After the White-Slaver

MR. TAFT'S recommendation to Congress that an appropriation of $50,000 be made for the purpose of investigating and suppressing the importation of immigrant girls for immoral purposes is of value simply in its official recognition of the existence of the "white slave" traffic. Whether or not there is an international arrangement whereby young girls are so imported is a question; there may be, and if so it is a proper matter for the Government to discourage. Certain it is, however, that innocent immigrant girls landing in New York become, in hundreds of cases, the victims of this infernal business. Owing to great poverty in which the European peasantry struggles, it is often that the only hope of a family is for its daughter to emigrate to the United States in search of employment which will not only support her, but aid aged parents and other dependent relatives. These young girls, unable to speak the English language, knowing nothing but the simple life of the hamlet, start out as true heroines as the world ever knew: arriving here, they are often taken in charge by pseudo-religious institutions and employment agencies and the like, thus falling into the trap. It is very probable that the white-slaver is certain of recruits without any special effort to drum them up on the other side of the water, although procuror and procuress are not unknown there. The big cities at which the immigrants land are the places needing most the cleaning-up process.

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Mayor Gaynor's sneer at the existence of the white-slave traffic and his ridiculous assertion that New York is the most moral city in the world are notes which sound ill for his administration. He can not have been a resident of New York and a judge in its courts without realizing the immense iniquity of the metropolis; not that New Yorkers are worse than other people, but that the bigness of the city affords so many loopholes for vice of every description to go on undetected, or, if detected, unpunished. It is not the importation of immoral women that constitutes any menace, but it is the ruining of innocent young immigrant girls, which is the crying shame of civilization. Mayor Gaynor should know this well, and instead of attempting to gloss over the fact, and instead of *conferring with Mr. Murphy*, he should bend every energy to break up this damnable traffic in souls which goes on day after day. Immunity in the prosecution of this nefarious business is purchased every year in New York at the estimated cost of millions of dollars. This money has found its way into the pockets of the Tammany legions. Instead of condoning corruption which exists, Judge Gaynor would better inaugurate a campaign against the blackmail and bribery which make possible the unspeakable dens in which the white-slavers house their prisoners.

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Cities and States are becoming aroused upon this subject, which is after all, a matter for each community to look into. The age of consent should be raised in all of

the States, so it would be possible to prosecute criminally a keeper of any house in which a woman under twenty-one years of age were found and in which any woman, of any age, were detained against her will. Nor should the matter rest with the punishment of the keeper, but the owner of the property should be made accountable to the law for its use. This would catch many a respectable and moral and church-going gentleman who derives a revenue from a disreputable resort, of whose purpose he pretends profound ignorance and whose ownership he is ashamed to admit.

Justice Peckham's Successor

SO, IT is to be "Private-car Lurton" for the Supreme Bench! Since the death of Justice Rufus W. Peckham, the appointment of his successor has been a matter of keen speculation and of a real anxiety. In the personnel of this great tribunal, every citizen feels the utmost concern. Viewing with apprehension and regret the steady enlargement of judicial authority and the proportionate shrinkage of power in the other two branches, it is hardly too much to say that the selection of a Supreme Court Judge, for life, is almost equivalent to the accession of an heir to the throne in a monarchy, and the one guarantee of the preservation of our liberties, aside from revolution, is in the appointment of such men as are pure, uncorrupted and incorruptible, and whose records and characters are certain to inspire public confidence.

Horace H. Lurton, of Tennessee, represents, without concealment, the dangerous type of specious corporation henchman who has never failed to construe every case brought before him as inferior judge in favor of the corporations and against individual rights. He has been both the pet, and the tool, of the L. & N. and has held that and other railroads harmless in every suit for personal injuries in which he has presided. He has so shamelessly used the favors of the roads as to carry for years the name of "Private-car Lurton," and his official record is for the "vested interests" and his own aggrandizement, against all claims of personal rights.

He was turned down by Theodore Roosevelt as too bad an egg to foist upon the American people in the capacity of Supreme Court Judge, but is now elevated to that position, over the heads of hundreds of worthier men. It is a crying outrage that Taft's corporation favorites must needs defile even the Supreme Bench, although as they soil all other departments it is perhaps not surprising that this ex-Clevelandite and present Taftocrat should have been selected. He is a good mate for that nauseating political turncoat, Dickinson, and the rest of the bunch of schemers who infest the Taft administration.

Needs of the Mines

AUSTRALIA, hitherto very free from labor troubles, is experiencing a grave situation growing out of a strike in the coal-mines in the Southern and Western sections of that continent. An almost complete cessation of coal-mining is the result, and supplies

are enroute to Australia from Natal and Japan. The price of fuel has accordingly heavily increased and the significant statement is made that the miners hope, through the effect of a general strike, to force the Government either to insist upon the owners redressing the grievances of their employees, or to bring about national ownership of the mines.

As a rule, Australia has very simple and very direct means of bringing about good ends.

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It is a pity our own Government is not alive to the importance of looking into the condition of its mines. The Cherry, Illinois, horror appears very clearly to have been due to criminal carelessness, and to violation of child-labor laws. As in the case of the McKees Rocks plant, near Pittsburg, just so soon as investigation was threatened, witnesses began to be spirited away. It will be forever a stigma upon the State of Illinois if the poor victims of that underground holocaust, and their sorrowing and destitute families, go unavenged. During the progress of the attempts at rescue, so utterly callous were the proprietors of the Cherry mines, that the rescuers threatened to abandon the task, if they were not allowed to try to save the entombed *men*, instead of being continually forced to prop up various parts of the mine itself and protect the *property*. Even in such an hour as that, the labor of the rescuers was sought to be diverted for the benefit of the mine magnate, while human beings were perishing below!

Supreme Court Cases

THE Supreme Court has granted the petition of the labor leaders, Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison, for a writ of certiorari in the famous contempt case for which the three men were sentenced to terms in jail. Attorneys for the Federation of Labor are bending every energy toward having the original anti-boycott injunction issued by Judge Gould, in the case of the Buck's Stove and Range Company declared void. All the facts in the entire lengthy proceedings will be scrutinized by the Supreme Court and, of course, the whole issue now hinges upon whether or not this body will decide that the original injunction was a proper issuance from the lower court.

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Chas. W. Morse, as seemed inevitable, lost his appeal to the Supreme Court and nothing now can save him from beginning the fifteen-years' sentence in the Federal Prison, at Atlanta, except Presidential clemency. That every possible pressure will be brought to bear upon Mr. Taft to obtain pardon for Morse is certain, but a no less powerful silent pressure of public opinion will doubtless give the President pause before he sets aside the judgment of the highest courts in the land in favor of this many-times-guilty man.

Flat-Dwellers Rebel

ROLLO R. LONGENECKER, a Chicago attorney, is beginning a very unique crusade in that city as the head of an organization styling itself the Tenants'

Protective Association. Its several specific defiances are as follows:

"A landlord hasn't any real right to collect rent thirty days in advance. Rent should be C. O. D.

"Steam heat or any other kind of heat shouldn't be turned off arbitrarily on any given date, such as May 1. It may be as cold after May 1 as in January.

"Landlords have no right to turn off the hall lights at 10 p. m. A hall is as dark after 10 as before.

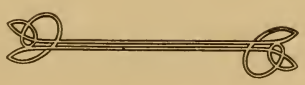
"Landlords should be made to sprinkle the streets in front of their houses, so that the 'flatters' wouldn't have to spend most of their time sweeping."

There are other questions of considerably more importance than these; but the spirit of independence may as well be shown in such apparently trifling concerns as in greater. The whole people need a little more spunk, and a few crusades of similar sorts would help smooth some of the vexations out of daily life. At present, the landlord has the drop on the tenant, and is the lordliest thing alive, with the sole exception of the janitor or cook,—all three of which lofty beings have violent infantophobia which necessitates rigid disciplinary measures toward foolish parents.

Territorial Railroads

AGAIN a sovereign State has been brought to a humiliating impotence through the restraining order of an inferior Federal judge, one Cotteral, who has issued an injunction against the collection of the gross revenue tax of one-half of one per cent., levied by Oklahoma on the various Western railroads doing business in that State. The railroads contend that the tax is virtually a franchise tax, and, since their franchises were obtained from Congress before statehood, they are not subject to State taxation!

If the employees of these roads should strike, preventing the enjoyment of those franchises, upon whom would the railroads call for "protection?" The State, of course. Demanding of the State the same rights and immunities given natural citizens, the corporations refuse on their own part to assume any of the obligations of citizenship, but slink, in all such instances, to the ready refuge of the Federal courts. If the corporations are not under the authority of the States through which their road-beds lie, the State should absolutely deny to them the protection of its courts and its troops.



The Constant Lovers

The Lament

Come back to me, sweetheart, in the wild gray dawning,
When the wind shrills by in the pale yellow light,
Or come with the mist-cloud that walks in the night;
For long we have wandered, in morning, in gloaming,
Far down the green forest-ways hand-in-hand roaming,
But now thou art gone in thy joy and thy might,
And the wind-harps are lonely that wail on the night.

Down through the still valleys long were we straying,
Over wind-swept hill-places when skies were star-bright,
By rivers that sang and through meadows of light;
Through the snow wreaths of winter, in the spring's happy Maying,
Ever onward together where the west winds were playing,
Hearing alway Earth voices, faint runes of the night,
Singing softly Earth heart songs, low sounds of delight.

Where art thou, sweetheart, and where may I find thee?
In the wild storm or under the pine,
Beneath the warm earth or by lonely wood shrine?
Art thou lost in the darkness, does the noonday glare blind thee,
Art thou under the waters, have the cold waves confined thee
In their prison so deep, below ripples that shine?
Art thou held in the night by wan spirits malign?

Thou wilt come again, sweetheart, in the wild dawning;
Why art thou still silent, why givest no sign?
Though yonder pale star be the last home of thine,
Yet soon I shall find thee, in morning, in gloaming,
Soon through the deep forest again we'll be roaming;
By the wandering stream, by the sea's tossing brine,
Wherever thou art, thou art mine, thou art mine!

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The Search

Through forests immemorial,
By reedy fen, in meadows pied,
Under the silence of the stars,
Across the lonely desert wide,
I long have sought, I can not find;
Only the soughing of the wind
Breathes answer from the waste unkind.
Beneath the wings of Night I go
To that far, frozen, glittering field
Where icy caves blue shadows throw,
Where streams of gold forever flow;
Or where the lone Himalayas yield
Strange visions from their crests of snow:
Then will I search through unknown seas,
In deep abysms of the earth;
Or do fair cities, heavenly leas,
In all the dim, unreckoned girth
Of Space Beyond where stars have birth,
Hold thee a happy, willing guest?
Onward I go in sorrowing quest,
Like wind-blown leaf fast driven by,
With Pain and Terror often nigh;
Still ever on until the end,
Though Joy may be an unknown friend,
Though grief of years my brow has lined:
But when and where shall wandering feet
Bring me where Joy and Sorrow meet,
Where rest my bleeding heart may bind,
Heart of my life, WHEN shall I find?

Mary Chapin Smith

COAL DUST

By CHARLES STUART MOODY

NOT so many years ago, a youth who had been reared among the great hills of the West, stood at the end of the lane and looked back with tear-dimmed eyes at a little cabin nestling among the pines, and waved a farewell to a mother and sister who were standing beneath the rustic porch. The youth had been told of a wonderful land beyond the tide of a great river where schools and colleges had been built by good men for the education of all ambitious seekers after knowledge. The youth was very innocent of the great world and its ways. He dreamed of a time when he could enter one of these classic halls, and by hard work and diligent study, acquire enough of learning to be of assistance to his fellow man. He delved and toiled at the hardest of manual labor, saving penny by penny the needed funds for the purpose. The little sister was his banker, and jealously she hoarded the slow-growing little heap of gold, only doling out pittances of it now and then for the purchase of books.

At length the time came. The youth heard that those willing to labor needed not great wealth to acquire learning. He set out, poor in this world's goods, but worth a king's ransom in faith in his fellows, and earnestness of purpose. The things which befell the youth in search of learning which he obtained not from the schools and colleges, but from the daily contact with life, can best be told by that youth himself, for I was he.

To a boy reared as I had been, among the evergreen forests and beside the crystal streams of the West where population was sparse, the journey toward the Father of Waters was an ever-changing panorama of wonders. The broad prairies of the Dakotas and Minnesota, covered with their wealth of waving grain, awed me with their immensity. The populous cities, humming with life and industry, were at first as unreal as a dream. I could not realize that so many people were on earth, and I wondered what they all did for a livelihood.

At length I reached my destination practically penniless, but never doubting the circular from the college of my choice, which said in plain words, that any youth without sufficient means to defray his expenses would be provided with a position where he could earn enough to do so and at the same time be attending the college. I immediately lost no time in searching out the college. As I walked up the broad driveway leading to the imposing buildings crowning the hilltop, my heart sank within me. What, thought I, would they care about the petty ambitions of an obscure country boy from the hills of the far West? I presented myself and my desires at the office of the Registrar. That individual looked me over. I became conscious of my travel-stained common clothing, of the absolute enormity of my rough shod feet, of the prominence of my great red toil-hardened hands, for the first time in my life. Not only that, but I realized that he, too, was taking stock of all those things. He declined to even take my name, but referred me to the janitor who, he said, would perhaps find something for me. I sought out that autocrat in his sanctum in the basement and again proffered my request. If anything, his reception was less cordial than that of the Registrar. The first dignitary acted as though it were an absolute folly for one of the "common herd" to desire an education; the latter acted as though I were an interloper, and contaminated the beautiful buildings and grounds by my presence, and he had half a notion to throw me out. I retired from the brief interview crestfallen and discouraged. It was a revelation to me that a man in search of an education and willing to labor for it, should not be accorded every opportunity to accomplish his desires. As I walked down the avenue I bethought me of the great man who had so liberally endowed the insti-

tution. Surely, thought I, this man will sympathize with me and help me to realize my ambitions. I found his name in the directory and sought out his residence. My reception at the college was the greeting of angels compared to the reception vouchsafed me at the great man's residence. I got past the door,—how, I shall never know,—and into the office of the private secretary. I never succeeded in reaching the philanthropist himself. His secretary heard my story and disposed of my case offhand. His disposition did not, however, place me any nearer the goal of my desires. I was as far from the college as before, and what was more to the point, a little nearer starvation than I ever had been. My funds were all but exhausted, and no means of replenishing them. Still I was hopeful. In my ignorance I supposed that any man who was willing to work need not want for a position. How quickly was I to learn that wisdom comes only with experience. In a very few days I learned that every avenue of human endeavor was filled with a horde of eager, jostling, crowding men, hungry like myself for a job, yet, like myself, unable to obtain one. My funds ran lower and lower until at last I was glad to dine off the lunch provided in the cheap saloons as an inducement to the purchase of their vile beer. I bought the beer in order to get the lunch, but could never bring myself to swallow it, throwing it in the sawdust when the barkeeper's back was turned.

I tramped the streets day after day in answer to advertisements of help wanted, only to find the place just filled. In every case I found the place designated in the advertisement thronged with men, many of whom had bought the paper at 3 a. m. and had been standing in line since that time, oftentimes in the rain.

One morning I answered an advertisement asking for coal miners. It stated that only experienced miners were wanted, and I had never seen a coal mine in my life. I called at the employment office and found the door thronged with applicants. My heart sank, for surely out of all that crowd, the employers could find all the men they needed, and those answering the requirements of the advertisement. All forenoon I stood in line, gradually edging closer to the door behind which sat my fate. At last when I was ready to sink from exhaustion—for I had had no breakfast—it came my turn to be interviewed. The man behind the desk swept me with one glance, as the other had done. He asked me if I were a coal miner. I truthfully told him that I had never seen a mine in my life, but that I was young and strong, willing to work, and must have work or starve. He smiled sardonically, as though that story were told him until it were threadbare. I thought he was going to dismiss me without any further questioning, when he suddenly asked me where I was born and raised. My answer seemed to please him, for he took my name, wrote it on a yellow card, handed the card to me, and told me that I was employed. The card was railroad transportation to the point designated, a town in Northwest Missouri. The next morning we began our journey, several hundred of us in box-cars, herded together like sheep or beef cattle. Half of my fellow travelers were drunk, and they made the day hideous with their ribaldry. There were some, however, like myself, who were the victims of circumstances uncontrollable, and with these I withdrew to the far end of the car, where we made ourselves as comfortable as possible.

It chanced that those in our end of the car were, like myself, men who had no knowledge of mining, while those in the opposite end were all miners, or familiar with mining in some form. They seemed to be under the leadership of an immense Cornishman, whose capacity for liquor was simply astounding. I learned afterward that these men refused to go unless they were supplied with all the liquor they could consume. About four in the afternoon we stopped at a small station for dinner. But few of us had money enough to buy a meal. My personal wealth consisted of seventy-five cents, twenty-five cents in our currency and a fifty-cent Canadian piece that I had been unable to pass. In my end of the car was one who seemed to me but little fitted for the rough life of a miner. He was suffering from tuberculosis and, in addition, was absolutely destitute. He had had nothing to eat for two days. I endeavored

to pass my Canadian piece for a good dinner for him, but the eating-house keeper would not accept it. I bought with my quarter a dish of baked beans and a slice of pie. I prevailed upon him to accept the pie, but he would not share the beans with me. Just as my new acquaintance was raising the pie to his mouth the big Cornishman, who was standing near, reached over and snatched it out of his hand, swallowing the entire piece at one bite and handing back the rim of crust. The half-drunken brute thought his act a great joke, as did also his followers, for they roared with laughter. My friend remonstrated against such treatment, and, for reply, the brute felled him to the earth with a blow of his open hand. Upon our return to the car the Cornishman began bullying this man, who realized that he was no match for him and endeavored to keep out of the way. He retired to our end of the car, and the Cornishman followed him. I had said nothing so far, realizing that we were in the minority, but finally I could not longer refrain and kindly asked the big brute to desist, as he could see that the man was far from well. The fellow then turned upon me the vials of his wrath. Never before did I hear such invective flow from the lips of a man. I did not realize the fertility of our language until I listened to that man curse me for half an hour. He ended by threatening to kick me and my new-found friend out of the car. Realizing his ability to put his threat into execution, like many another man, not a coward either, I held my peace. All the time he was working himself into a great rage. He charged up and down the car, cursing and promising all kinds of dire punishments if we did not stand out of his way. I kept between him and the sick man as much as possible, though I expected every minute that he would throttle me. At length he made a dash for the man, who was cowering in a corner of the car. I stepped in front of him and received a blow from the brute's fist that felled me like an ox. He turned his attention to me and fell with both his knees upon my prostrate form. The little man was ill, but he was certainly no coward. With a cry of rage he sprang like a cat upon the Cornishman's back and buried his fingers into the back of his neck. With a snarl like a dog the Cornishman arose and flung his puny assailant across the car, where he lay stunned and bleeding. Instantly he had released me I sprang to my feet. Though I was dazed from his blow, I had my senses about me. As he turned to hurl my friend off him, I detected a heavy bottle, half filled with whisky, protruding from his rear pocket. In an instant the weapon was in my hand. He turned toward me once more, and as he did so I struck him with all my strength across the temple with the bottle. It burst in a thousand fragments, but the blow was effective. He crumpled up and sank to the floor. The others seemed willing to let us fight it out to suit ourselves. For this I was sincerely glad, for I was fearful that his half-drunken mates would interfere, and they far outnumbered us, even if my companions could be depended upon. I set about restoring my companion, while, as for my assailant, his mates dragged him to the far end of the car and poured whisky down his throat until he regained consciousness. He had but little fight left in him, and did not mention the fracas from that time until we reached our destination.

After an all-night journey the train was halted early in the morning just outside the confines of what seemed quite a large town. Another car was attached to the train, and several soldiers climbed upon our cars. These were fully armed, and seemed to be acting in the capacity of guards. It was then that we learned that we were to be used as "strike-breakers," the reason for our being accepted, whether we were miners or not. The train pulled slowly through the town. No further demonstration was made other than the hurling of rocks at the train and hoots of derision from the men who thronged the streets. We crossed through the town and approached the mines. The "culm" pile and the "head house" stood silent and seemingly deserted, save for the uniformed guards patrolling the place. The train halted beside the "head house" and we were unloaded like so many animals. There were several men idling about the works, but none of them seemed to have any

employment. I afterward learned that they were the only men the company had been able to hire, and none of them were capable of manning the hoists and running the machinery. For the first time in days we were able to enjoy a meal. I had by this time learned what hunger really is. What I had called hunger before was appetite, and nothing more. We were taken into a long hall and seated at a rough board table, where the food was thrown upon it by negro waiters, who acted as though they were feeding swine, and each man helped himself. Refinements of the table would have been out of place in such a congregation, and that fact soon became very evident to me. Like the other swine, I plunged in and got my share.

After dinner the foreman appeared and practically informed us that we were prisoners in the stockade, that we had been brought there to break the backbone of the strike, and that they owned us body and soul. The guards had orders to shoot any man attempting to escape, and, be it said to the everlasting disgrace of men wearing the uniform of the United States, they were ready to obey their orders. The experienced miners were told off in squads and sent into the shaft. A man was found who knew a little something about the management of an air compressor, and to him was assigned that duty. Another had managed a hoist, and he was delegated to that purpose. It fell my task to attend to the hoisting engine. In this manner we succeeded in getting out enough coal to supply the engines on the railroad that controlled the mines.

The men grew restless under the restraint and many of them, eluding the vigilance of the guards, escaped into the town. They never returned. Whether the strikers met them or whether they absconded, we never knew. If this were a tale for the entertainment of a Sunday-school class, I should not relate the following; but it is intended for the enlightenment of grown men and women, hence the telling. The clamor against the restraint grew so insistent that the management feared they would have a strike amongst the "strike-breakers," and they set about devising some means to render the miners contented with their condition. The stockade was transformed into a brothel. Women of the most degraded type were introduced into the stockade, and liquor supplied by the barrel. Night was transformed into a saturnalia. These women were brought in ostensibly as waitresses for the tables, and washerwomen for the men, but the management understood why they were brought, as did also the men.

Any well-regulated mine is liable to accidents, but with the class of men here employed an accident, sooner or later, was inevitable. There had been several minor casualties, but nothing of moment. A man or two killed and buried in the "culm" pile was of but little importance, compared to starving the strikers back to their work.

It was the custom to hoist the miners for lunch. The hoisting began at eleven-thirty and continued for an hour. Half an hour was devoted to eating, then the men were lowered back into the mine again for their afternoon shift. On this day the men were all hoisted and the hoist man and myself, as was our custom, went with the last cageful to lunch. Upon our return the hoist man began lowering the men into the mine. The shaft was fifteen hundred feet deep, and the orders were to lower as rapidly as possible. There was a dial and an indicator which told the depth that the cage was in the mine at any time. The first cage of eight men was being lowered. When the indicator still read one hundred feet from the bottom, the heavy cage landed with a crash that shook the earth to the surface. The drum reeled off the remaining cable at lightning speed, the grip lever flew out of the man's hands, hurling him across the room. I chanced to be standing in the open door of the hoist room when the accident occurred. I rushed to the throttle, shut off the engine, and pulled the alarm bell.

Fifteen hundred feet in the bottom of the shaft lay eight men crushed out of all semblance to human beings. Some strike sympathizer had crept in while we were at lunch and had turned the indicator on the dial so that the hoist man miscalculated just one hundred

feet. Consternation reigned supreme. The miners refused to return to work. Only a very few could be gotten to volunteer for the purpose of rescuing the bodies at the foot of the shaft.

All the time we had been detained in the stockade the management of the coal mines had been negotiating with the striking miners, looking toward a settlement of the difficulties existing between them. This fact, however, was not allowed to be known. The accident hastened the conference somewhat, and by the time the repairs occasioned by it were made, the strike was settled and the striking miners returned to the mines. As they filed in at the gate the "strike-breakers" were requested to file out. The company had used us to gain its ends, and now we were in the way. I will always remember the feeling of shame with which I accepted the yellow envelope containing the pittance due me for my labor. Once more I was loose in a strange town, with but a few dollars in my pocket and the stigma of being a "scab" attached to my name. In vain I sought employment, only to find that while the people did not approve of the strike, for it touched their purses, at the same time they had the heartiest contempt for a "strike-breaker." They could have no more sincere contempt for me than I had for myself. The State troops, ordered out by the Governor at the behest of the mine owners, for the purpose of overawing the strikers, had been sent home; the old miners were back again in the bowels of the earth delving out wealth for their masters, and I, one of the innocent instruments of coercion on the part of the mine management, was tramping the streets of a strange town begging the right to earn my bread, and begging in vain.

Is it a wonder that men sometimes become criminals? The wonder is that not more of them do. I confess that thoughts of criminal revenge often floated through my brain like the phantasms of an ugly dream, and only the force of an early training prevented my putting the thoughts upon record in the shape of deeds. The thoughts of an education were still lingering, rosy-hued, about the outer portals of my mind. Upon a hill not far from the town stood the white buildings of a college, not unlike the one of city memory, only smaller. To this one day I walked and begged that I might be allowed to scrub the floors or carry in the coal in return for the education that I had come so far to gain. I was met with a refusal, and a smile of polite indifference.

It is easy to be moral when the stomach is full and the body well clothed. As one grows hungry and cold, in an exact ratio the moral courage oozes out. One morning I found myself applying to the mine office for work. I had grown quite a beard by that time, and the manager did not recognize in me the smooth-faced youngster that had been one of his assistants in quelling the strike. He asked me if I had ever had any experience in coal mining, and I unhesitatingly replied that I had. I trust that the Recording Angel was busy at that particular moment and did not make note of the falsehood. My brawn seemed to please the man in the wire cage, for he gave me a number and told me to call at the mine store and record myself for an outfit. I did this, and was assigned by the pit boss a room with an experienced "buddy." It was well for me that my "buddy" had worked so long in the mines that he had all the spirit crushed out of him, else he would have objected to sharing his miserable wage with one so inexperienced as myself. He said nothing, however, and I honestly tried to do my part. We were to receive thirty-five cents per ton for each ton of coal mined by us. The price had been forty cents, and the company had lowered it to the present price. That was the direct cause of the strike. The men resumed work after three months' idleness at the scale established by their masters, just as the men always do. Some minor concessions had been made by the company which cost them nothing, and deluded the miners into the belief that they had achieved a victory.

There are two methods of mining soft coal. The one employed in this mine is technically known as "shooting off the solid." That is, a deep hole is drilled in the solid coal vein, the hole charged with black powder and the blast jars the coal loose and it is shoveled into the cars. The other method is known as "cutting and mining" and consists in cutting away with a pick or a machine the

clay layer beneath the coal vein, then wedging the mass of coal down with steel wedges. This latter method produces the better grade of coal, but is much slower. There were a few machines for "cutting and mining" in this mine, but practically all the coal was mined by blasting. At thirty-five cents per ton the men could, under favorable conditions, make fair wages. That the conditions were never favorable, and that the company never intended they should be, was something that never entered the average miner's head. The poor devil would examine his weigths in the head room when he came off shift and trudge on homeward grumbling about his miserable luck in not getting any more coal cars to load. Month after month he found himself in debt to the company without ever guessing at the cause. Things would become unbearable and he would go out on a strike, only to allow himself to be beguiled back to work under exactly the same conditions, only with a little sugar-coating in the shape of so-called concessions. The next month the pay check showed the same old debit, and he crawled back into the gloom of the mine in a vain endeavor to wipe it out. Sysiphus with his stone had a child's task compared to this man.

No class of workmen are so poorly paid as the soft-coal miner, and none have so few of the pleasures of life as he. Many of them live their entire existence (you can not call it life) in debt to the company, and when they die they are buried in the potter's field with as little care as one of the mules killed by a fall of rock. In fact, the mule is the more valuable asset of the two, for he costs something like $100, while the man costs nothing, and can be replaced free of cost. They superannuate their mules when they grow too old to work, and provide a hospital for them, with green pastures and warm stables, where they may spend their remaining days in peace. I have never heard of any of the coal companies providing any pastures or pensions for their human animals. The miners themselves are as kind to their fellow workmen as men in such abject poverty can be. If one of them is sick or injured the others are always ready to contribute to his relief. Though the miner may only be getting three coal boxes per day he never refuses to contribute one of them to his fellow slave if asked in the name of charity. God only knows when he himself may need assistance in like manner.

I am aware that it has been denied that the coal operators keep their operatives under a system of peonage, but that they do so is painfully apparent to every man who has taken the trouble to investigate labor conditions in soft-coal mining towns. In the first place, the men who mine soft coal are made up principally of the peasant class of European countries, brought here under contract, either actual or implied, to work for the company. The company, through its European agent, secures their passports, pays their passage, and the company employs them when they arrive. The miners are forced to buy everything they eat, drink or wear from the company store at exorbitant figures. They must rent from the same company, under a sale contract, one of the miserable hovels, miscalled houses, at so much per month. The contract states that when they have paid a certain amount the house is to become theirs. The miner never pays for the house, nor does he ever expect to pay for it. It is a polite fiction upon the part of both parties to the deal. The company store is the colossal steal of all. In this emporium the miserable miner must buy the necessities of life, the coarse, shoddy clothing, the adulterated foodstuffs; these are sold to the ignorant foreigner at figures far in excess of what like articles could be bought for at other stores. There are no other stores. In the item of powder alone, of which the soft-coal miner uses a great deal, he is charged more than twice as much as he could purchase it elsewhere for. Of course, you will understand that the miner is not told he must buy from the company, but, bless you, there are ways of communicating things without telling. Perhaps the most effectual manner is the use of coupon books, used in lieu of money. These books are issued to the miner (or his wife) from time to time during the month and charged against his account. When the deductions for coupon books are made on pay-day the poor creature has nothing left. From year's end to year's end he never sees a dollar in

money. He is a lucky individual who does not find the yellow slip in his pay envelope on pay-day. Pay-day in a soft-coal camp is the day when you find out how much you are in debt to the company.

The question is often asked by those who are ignorant of conditions in coal-mining towns how the company keeps control of these large bodies of men. It looks to the average citizen like there would be a revolt. Among Americans, and some European peoples, there would be a revolt, but such a thing among the peasantry employed in these mines could not be. Their whole instinct is obedience, servile obedience to their masters. By coming to America they have only changed masters, and the change has been to their benefit. To the initiated, the question as to how they are kept under control is so simple as to require no answer. There are no less than a half-dozen methods, all of them used, and all of them eminently successful. The one invoked most generally is in the matter of coal boxes. The miner gets just so many boxes, or cars, as the pit boss says for him to get. If the miner has a particularly good streak of luck, gets into a good room, and bids fair to escape from the clutches of the company, the word is passed down to the pit boss to let that man rest awhile. The pit boss instructs the driver on that entry to pass that man up for a time. The driver neglects to see the loaded car standing in the entry as he goes by on his out trip. When he returns with the empties there is a loaded car standing in this man's room and he can't shove in the empty, of course. This may be repeated several times during the day, so that at night that miner's number has only one or two boxes of coal opposite it.

Another, and equally effective, method is the "sulphur bell." Three of these lays the miner off indefinitely. Down in the half-light of the underworld it is impossible for the miner to see the "sulphur" rock, and he loads it in the car. This "sulphur" is very heavy, and constitutes a method of cheating. The car of coal comes up, is weighed, dumped, and goes down the chute to the cars below. The man there sees the "sulphur," pulls the bell-rope, and the weigh boss places a cross next that man's number. The scheme is so charming in its simplicity that I leave the reader to puzzle it out. I will say, however, that it is quite effective in laying a man off for a short time that is getting too "fat."

The contention of weights is an old one. One-half the strikes in coal mines, both soft and anthracite, occur over this one thing. The company, not satisfied with having the miner load a "long ton" for thirty-five cents, proceeds to steal one-fourth of that amount. The weigh boss deducts from the weight of the car to suit himself, and usually the miner produces about thirty hundredweight of coal for which he gets credit for a ton.

The foregoing are a few of the simple methods by which the poor coal operators keep their greedy, bloated miners from growing too wealthy. There are many more, but these few will serve to illustrate the methods.

I now approach that phase of my subject about which I wish I might write with a pen tracing letters of fire. I wish I might be able to make you see the hideousness of child labor as I saw it during the time I was bond slave to the Coal Trust. In my youth I never saw a child put at labor, unless it were some little task about the house or garden. That children labored for hire, as adults do, was something that I never supposed possible. Yet, here, day after day, month after month, the insatiate maw of this monster must be fed with the life-blood of children. They, with unctious piety, would not be so heartless as to permit the children in *their* mines. They will tell you that, but, at the same time, they are almighty careful not to give investigators an opportunity to see for themselves whether the statements are true. I would not assert that there is an understanding existing between the coal companies and the Commissioner of Labor for the State, but from the blindness of that precious functionary I should presume that there was. The Mine Inspector, too, comes along very occasionally to inspect the mines, but evidently he does not see the little ones perched like gnomes beside the great valves that close the entries, just as he does not see the defective timbering, and the lack of air cuts in the mine itself.

Blindness is a blissful condition at times.

Go to the "head house" any morning and you will not see a child, except, now and then, one that is "visiting" with father for the day. Creep down to the "mule door," however, and you will see plenty of them descending in the cage with the mules, or perched atop of the same. The "mule door" is just at the surface of the shaft, and is where the cage pauses to load in the mules that draw the coal cars. It is not often visited by sightseers or others interested in labor conditions. In fact, the company discourages any prowling about that portion of the works. It furnishes a very convenient depot for loading on the youthful workers in the mine.

It would be a rather unique sight to see a schoolroom full of youngsters all in their pit garments, with their pit caps hanging on the wall. But when you meet these boys in the morning so attired, and ask them where they are going, they invariably answer that they are going to school. Yes, they are going to school, but, merciful God, what a school.

In a soft-coal mine there are no "breakers." The coal is merely sorted, not screened, hence there are no "breaker" boys. Down deep in the mine, however, you may find them engaged in various occupations. Above ground, they at least have the advantage of seeing a little of God's precious sunlight, and breathing the fresh air, while down in the mine they exist in Stygian gloom, save for the feeble illumination of the smoky pit-lamp swung from the visor of the cap. Even this poor boon is denied the little fellows who tend the great doors, technically known as "trappers." For the enlightenment of those unacquainted with the construction of a soft coal mine: In order to reach the vein, which may be anywhere from one hundred to two thousand feet beneath the surface, there is one main channel driven in a certain direction, and off this numerous ramifications. These are known as "entries," and take their name from their relation to the main entry geographically, as east, west, north, south. These are again subdivided, and then are called first, second, third, etc., with the compass point added. For instance, the entry leading south will be called the south entry, the first one leading from it the first south. Between any of these entries and its communicating branch is hung a heavy oaken door, or valve, for the purpose of diverting the air current. Should by accident one of these doors be left open (or closed), as the case may be, those laboring in that entry would be shut off from their supply of air, and, unless relieved, would become asphyxiated from lack of oxygen and the presence of "choke damp" (marsh gas) that exists in all mines unless driven out by the air current. The tending of these doors is delegated to boys called "trappers," whose duty it is to see that the door is opened and closed after each passage of the driver in or out, with the laden or empty coal cars. All day these little chaps sit there in the dark, swinging back and forth the heavy valves. The air is always chilly, always damp. The "trapper" is not allowed to move from his post beside the door, for he knows not what moment the driver may signal him to open the door. Blue and pinched, he sits there all day, to crawl out of the mine at night chilled to the marrow. There is not a "trapper" in any mine in that great State but has a cold. To hear them coughing as they emerge from the mine is distressing. Consumption and pneumonia find an easy prey in these little fellows, and yearly hundreds of them find rest from life's labors in the graveyard on the hill.

Parents often take them into their room as full miners. This is done in order to get the extra coal box check. Thus, before they are out of knee-trousers, and while they should be in school, these innocents are transformed into wage-earners and made to help support the family. The system, perhaps, possesses one redeeming feature. The wage additional, meager though it be, helps to buy a slightly greater supply of the bare necessities of life.

I escaped back to the pine-clad hills of the great West. How I escaped, perhaps the several box cars that contained me for a time might tell could they but speak. There is lying in a "room" in a certain coal mine (or was) a kit of mining tools bearing my number, but really belonging to the coal company.

that anybody wanting them can have. I left them right beside the wall on the left side of the "room," about sixty feet from the entry, and ten feet from the "face." There is a first-class machine for drilling, consisting of an upright, an augur, three assorted bits; cost me sixteen dollars at the company store, cost the company four dollars. There are also four "cutting" picks, one bottom pick, one coal shovel, one tamping rod, one "needle," one can black powder; cost me $2.50 (at the company store, of course), cost the company seventy cents. You may have any of these things, or all of them, for that matter, for I am inclined to believe that I shall never need them any more. There is also due me at the company store $4.68, according to my calculation, but you never can tell; you may have that, too, if you will go after it. I did not need it when I left. In fact, I was in somewhat of a hurry, the box-car that took my eye was headed west and was already on the move.

That education I went several thousand miles to get is still embalmed in the coldly classical halls of the two colleges who refused to confer a great boon upon humanity by educating me. My share of it will doubtless remain embalmed for several thousand years, and future generations will come and view it much as we now look with awe upon the mortal remains of some Egyptian Rameses. I never went back for it. In all probability I never shall. The world has struggled along now for a few years without my benefiting it in the least, and, if present indications count for anything, it bids fair to worry along several centuries more without realizing what it lost by my not being educated.

This child labor question took a very firm hold upon my uneducated mind. What are we going to do about it? That is the same question the coal barons have asked a number of times, but they have asked it with a very different spirit to what the man who is interested in his country's weal has asked it. What are we going to do to prevent these little ones growing up and peopling this fair land of ours with ignorance and vice? What are *you* going to do, brother? What am I going to do?

These conditions exist. We can not close our eyes to the conditions and say that we do not see them. They exist, for I have been myself a part of the great machine by which men grow bent and toil-worn in the service of others; and there are hundreds, yea thousands, who know what I have said is true, both in regard to child labor and in regard to other conditions existing in soft-coal mines. Much has been done to relieve these conditions, much remains to be done. I would I knew the remedy.

The Ultimate Answer

So little asked I, dear, of tenderness,
So slight a share of human happiness!
And you denied. 'T was then I begged release,
When lo! His mercy gave to me His peace.

If you should sometime whisper: "Death is past,
Rise to eternal recompense at last!"
Methinks my startled soul would weep, and pray
To rest forever in the mouldering clay.

Always my worship far too great for blame,
Through life or death, or Heaven or Hell, the same;
But, oh, sweetheart, I'd dare no more to try
Your love, that failed so e'er I came to die.

—*Ralph Lamar*

THE DARK CORNER

By ZACH McGHEE

Chapter X.

JIM'S pet abomination at Hollisville was this frequently recurring "entertain*ment*"—with the accent on the "ment"—"this sash and tambourine education," as he termed it; but one would not think so to watch him assisting with the preparations. "I don't know what to do about this business," his journal explains. "Or, if I do, I don't know how to do it. When she orders the pupils to do a thing, I notice they go and do it. When she just looks at me and smiles, hang it! I notice I go and do it."

"She," of course, refers to Miss Hall. A few days later this was added to the above entry:

"I suppose, though, this particular affair is not really so bad in itself—only, they oughtn't to call it school."

About one-third of the school was to take some special part in this "entertain*ment*," and this one-third was daily and hourly practising its part. In theory, the other two-thirds went on with its regular work, though the teachers had no time to give to it. When the pupils who were to take part in the performance were not actually engaged in rehearsal, they were supposed to attend their classes—of course, merely as spectators; they could not be expected to prepare any lessons during the weeks of preparation for the great event.

Aileen Hall was the general manager, and so enthusiastic was she and so capable of imparting her enthusiasm to others, that, what with her wand drills, cantatas, symbolic tableaux, recitations, opening and closing choruses, and the making of costumes, she monopolized the interest of the whole school. Miss Anderson vigorously played the piano during the prolonged and persistent rehearsals. The hall, where these rehearsals went constantly on, during the school hours, was situated in the center of the building, with thin folding doors separating it from the recitation room. The lower end of the hall itself was used for classes. The effect of the "sash and tambourine education" upon the regular school work can, therefore, be imagined.

But do not suppose that those thus close to the storm-center of the noise were alone privileged to know that something was about to happen. Was not every mother in the town of Hollisville and the surrounding country worried and fretted to get Lucy's or Alice's or Martha's or Lillian's or little Tom's costume ready in time and according to pattern? Or if not worried and fretted for this, then mad as blue blazes because they were not called upon to worry and fret, Lucy or Martha or little Tom having been outrageously left off of the program altogether, owing to the spite and partiality of the teacher?

At last the expected night came. Jim went as usual with Aileen. But he did not go home with her that night. Listen, and I'll tell you why.

While the girls and boys were gathering in the side room, next the stage, where the groups were to be formed for the drills, and while seats around the stage were being assigned to those who were to recite, Jim saw something which caused him to stop suddenly and look with astonishment. Miss Anderson, upon the direction of Tilson, was leading a timid, frightened-looking girl to a seat in the corner of the stage. She was oddly dressed—oddly enough indeed for that occasion. She wore a checked homespun frock, with crude shapeless frills on the collar and sleeves. The dress reached not quite to her ankles, and rough white knit stockings were clearly visible above a pair of coarse shoes. Jim walked up nearer and recognized the country girl, Amanda, who had come about a week before in the shackly little wagon with the gray mule.

Seeing Aileen and Miss Anderson alone

at the opposite end of the stage, he went over and asked them why she was there.

"Why, haven't you heard?" said Aileen. "The Professor is going to have her recite, 'My Life is Like a Summer Rose, That Opens to the Morning Sky.'"

And Aileen, in merriment, mimicked the singsong way Amanda had recited the poem on her first night at Hollisville. Jim did not laugh. He thought Aileen very beautiful and very charming, but he looked grave while she went on:

"Then we are going to dress her up in her uniform suit, fix her hair pretty, and I'm going to teach her how to recite the same piece, so at the next entertainment, three weeks from now, we can show the vast improvement she has made. Don't you think that will be fine? The dress is already made."

Jim continued to look grave. His brow clouded, and a slight flush came to his cheeks; but he looked away so Aileen could not see his face. He merely said, and abstractedly as if speaking to himself, "So we are going to exhibit this specimen from the backwoods," and walked thoughtfully away.

"What's the matter with him, Katharine?" asked Aileen, in an injured tone, when Jim had gone.

Miss Anderson had stood by silently. She had agreed to the exhibition of "this specimen from the backwoods," but she had given little thought to it. There was something in Jim's tone and manner now which caused her to doubt.

"Perhaps he thinks," said she, expressing what she herself began to think, "that we are not doing the poor girl exactly right."

"The idea. Katharine!" said Aileen. "She won't mind. You know she won't. Lots of people say our school is not adapted to country girls, and the Professor wants to show them an example of how it improves them. You know the girl will be immensely improved after she has been here a few weeks and begins to wear her new clothes and we teach her to recite. You know she will."

In a few minutes the "entertain*ment*" began. I had thought to describe it, but it can not be done. Do not think, though, just because Jim, in theory, sought to disparage and discourage these performances, that they were not pretty sights to behold, or that they did not successfully entertain the vast audiences who came to them to be entertained.

The opening chorus by the school was sung with a will, while Jim,—yes, Jim, for Aileen would take no refusal—stood up before them and beat time with a baton. The broken handle of an old feather duster kindly performed the office of baton. Then Jim announced the numbers on the program. Professor Jefferson Marquinius was there, and he was the presiding officer as well as the presiding genius of the occasion. He sat in the center of the stage, even during the drills, being perched in a large arm-chair just in front, so that people had to crane their necks to see around him. But such a purely clerical duty as reading the names on the program, that was assigned to a subordinate.

The audience applauded everything, but one number on the program seemed to make an especially favorable impression. This was a declamation in concert by Professor J. Marquinius's own declamation class. Sixteen boys, sixteen powerful pairs of lungs, and sixteen supple pairs of arms held the audience spellbound. Ed Oldham alone out of the vast audience saw anything to laugh at.

Tilson himself stood up in front of the boys, thundered out the speech and made the gestures with them, in order to show how he taught the boys to become orators. Incidentally he was able to show some of the wonderful results he had obtained. In future years, when we shall have perfected a combination of the phonograph and the kinetoscope such truly artistic performances can be preserved and reproduced. Now it is impossible. The professional stage could not show it to us because the fundamental element of moral earnestness would be lacking. But possibly, some vague idea of the great performance might be got from noting a few of the principal gestures.

Sir (both arms outstretched)—*the war* (right arm pointing to the war)—*must* (both hands grasping chest)—*go on* (both arms extended with quickness and force straight to the front, indicating the speed as well as the direction the war must take in going on).—*We* (both hands drawn in to the body and bent at the wrists, the fingers extended

and pressing against the sides of the chest, to show where "we" are)—*must fight* (both fists clenched ready for the fight)—*it* (right hand extended at an angle with palm open, indicating where "it" is)—*through* (violent thrust of the body forward, right foot stamping, and a lunge of the right arm, forefinger extended, the others closed, to represent piercing "through" something.)—*And* (both palms open and arms extended, probably in anticipation of another flight)—*if the war* (again pointing to the "war")—*must* (same gesture as before)—*go on* (indicating again where and how it is going)—*why put off* (a violent wave of the left arm towards the horizon to where it is proposed to put it off)—*longer* (a stretch of the right arm to its full length, forefinger pointing and the body leaning slightly in the same direction to make it "longer")—*the declaration* (great sweep of both arms aptly illustrating a declaration)—*of independence* (the head thrown back, the body erect, the feet joined at the heels at an angle of forty-five degrees, the hands by the side, palms open to the front, little fingers in rear of the seams of the trousers—a perfect representation of "independence.")

And so on to the close of the famous speech. It evoked loud and continued applause from the audience; groans and execrations from the ghosts of Daniel Webster and John Adams. Ed Oldham gave exhibitions of the speech all over town the next day.

During all the performances, Jim sat thoughtfully on one side of the stage. Aileen and Miss Anderson thought they detected a troubled look on his face. Something seemed to have taken away all his mirth, which had so brightened up the dull rehearsals during the past two weeks. He announced the numbers on the program in a perfunctory manner, and then sat quietly and abstractedly, scarcely looking at the drills or listening to the recitations.

As the evening progressed, he looked out over the audience, and at those seated around the stage, and then back into himself. Aileen sat opposite him. He had never seen her so beautiful. She was dressed in a simple gown of pale blue organdie. Her complexion never seemed fairer, her blue eyes never shone brighter, and the radiant smile that lighted up her face as he caught these eyes in his own and held them as long as he dared, and he dared as long as he could; and her hair—what hair!—What divine hair! If indeed it was not like the "corona around the sun," it was more beautiful and more effective for not being like anything save itself, a rich crown of wavy coils and ringlets of silken human hair set upon a lovely woman's head. When it is like that, disparage not the splendor of it by likening it to anything. Jim's eyes were not turned back into himself so long as he could behold this vision. But Aileen moved from one place to another. Now she was sitting on the stage, now back in the dressing room with the girls, now again moving among the mazes of flags and draperies and girls in the drills. His eyes wandered farther around, until presently they fell upon Amanda, sitting in the corner of the stage. He looked at her curious dress,—the checked homespun frock, the odd-looking frills, her coarse home-made stockings, and her rough shoes with brass tips at the toes. Her hair was more unsightly than usual, for she had tried to fix it becomingly, making it into a hard-packed knot at the back of her head with a crude attempt at a yellow bow on the top of it. He saw several of the boys and girls frowning as they looked towards her, and others he saw glare at her, then at each other, and laugh, holding their fans before their faces. She must notice this. Once he thought he detected in her face a look of pain. Her brow was slightly wrinkled, and there was clearly visible a nervous twitch about the mouth. And as he looked at her, and her great appealing eyes met his, he felt she was looking to him to save her from this ridicule and humiliation they were about to heap upon her.

Then his thoughts took this turn, "*They?* Why, *I* am the one reading out the program. She thinks I am responsible for it all. And I am partly responsible. Why did I not go to Tilson and protest against it? Why did I not refuse to have anything to do with this affair unless they left that out?" Then Jim saw Aileen standing in the door opposite him and looking full at him, smiling. And he smiled at her, and then at

himself as he thought "that's why." But his face took on a grave look again. He could not understand Aileen. Why was she going to permit this? She who was all gentleness and consideration? She was, he recalled, sometimes austere in dealing with the pupils, and she had once explained to him that this was because she was so young she had to be, else they would "run over" her. But to him she was a veritable child, and a sweet child, too, he thought. Why should she be so unlike herself in this? Then he looked across and saw Tilson sitting grandly in the most conspicuous place in the hall in his magnificent military suit, the gold cords and tassels glistening in the light of the big Rochester lamp above him, an extra supply of greatness oozing out of his noble countenance, an imposing figure. And again Jim said to himself—but his face wore not an expression of amusement but of disgust—"that's why."

But he was not satisfied with thus fixing blame upon others. He looked at Amanda, and he thought of what Miss Anderson had said about the resemblance to Aileen. "That's absurd, of course," he thought. He looked up at her eyes—big, blue, appealing eyes that kept looking at him with a strange stare, which in his fancy then he took for reproach.

He looked now at the program in his hand to see what numbers he had yet to read. Yes, there it was, the next number, the last but one,

"My life is like the summer rose."
—*By Amanda Cannon Jordan.*

He had not read it before. Suddenly he knit his brows, and every muscle of his face was drawn. Something had come to him, not clearly, just the faintest, dimmest light from the long ago, up through the vista of half remembered years. "Amanda!" Was it a dream? Was it one of those visions of the imagination he and his brother Harry in the days of their childhood used to create as they lay in their bed at night?—Amanda!—Amy we called her—but mother once told me that was not her real name, and her father called her Amanda. But I heard some of them speak of his people by some other name. What was it? Was it Jordan?—Such nonsense! Mr. Jordan said she was not his 'gal,' but his daughter's 'gal'—still——"

Here he had to get up to announce the next number. He looked around nervously, and met Amanda's big eyes gazing at him. He hesitated. Tilson was still seated in front of the stage looking impressively out upon the audience, and letting the audience look at him, absorbed chiefly in himself. Amanda was in the corner behind him and several girls between. Aileen stood in the door of the dressing-room with some twenty odd girls and and boys behind, waiting for the signal to march out on the stage; and Jim felt her eyes fixed upon him. His knees trembled and he was conscious of an unsteadiness in his voice.

"A small portion of the program will have to be omitted," he said, but he was thinking, "there's a scar on her left temple. She fell on the hot poker. Mamma said it would never heal, but would be there always."

—He continued aloud,

"We will now have the closing grand march."

According to a previous understanding, at the announcement of the "grand march," the stage was to be cleared and the music was to begin. The boys and girls on the stage began to move. Tilson looked around in astonishment. He thought Jim had only made a mistake. Jim saw him rise up in dignity and grandeur and start towards him to see the program. Miss Anderson was hesitating about beginning the music, but she half understood. "Quick," said Jim to her excitedly under his breath, "Start the music." Bang! went the chord just as Tilson was a few feet away. He was too late. Miss Anderson had started playing and the children were marching in the middle of the stage. Tilson with his eyes flashing and an angry frown on his face, was forced to get back to his seat, else the audience would have watched the drill instead of him. Jim, himself confused, edged his way around to the opposite door. Aileen was too busy with the dril', which was in full progress, to say anything to him as he passed her except, "What have you done? Don't you see the Professor is furious?"

Her head went up and he saw a proud look which he had seen before. He passed

on into the side room, where he encountered Amanda. She looked at him blankly. She understood nothing.

"Perfesser Thompson, you ain't gwi have my piece?" she asked.

He heard just behind him one of the girls whisper to another, "Professor Tilson says there's one more piece after the march." Having gone this far, Jim was determined not to be thwarted if he could help it.

"Miss Amanda," he said excitedly, "I want you to go to your room and copy this program for me."

"Now, Perfesser?" she asked.

"Yes; right now. Go quickly down to the house and copy it for me."

She hesitated.

"Go on," said Jim, "I'm in a big hurry." Here he opened the door. "Don't bother about your bonnet. I'll get one of the girls to bring it to you. Go quick, just as you are."

She took the program and passed out. As she did so, he suddenly remembered to look for the scar. He put his face close to hers and strained his eyes to see. It was not there. He closed the door behind her, just as Tilson entered from the stage.

"Where is that Miss Jordan?" demanded Tilson imperiously.

The girls did not know; they had been watching the stage. Jim said nothing; he was carelessly writing on the blackboard.

Chapter XI.

"Simon, do you believe in the transmigration of the soul?"

It was early the next morning after the entertainment. A blazing fire flared on the hearth. Jim raised himself up in bed, threw back the cover, and sat with his arms clasped around his knees. Simon stopped his blacking-brush for an instant, and was on the point of grinning, when his big black eyes met Jim's solemn face. He scratched his head for a moment, then tucking it down and suddenly getting busy with his brush, observed:

"Ain't's mos' time for brekfuss, Mister Jim."

"Oh, hang breakfast!" said Jim, impatiently. "Why does a man want to be bothered with such a low, groveling thing as eating when he can talk philosophy to a philosopher? I say, Simon, you are trying to evade. Do you believe in the transmigration of the soul?"

Simon brushed on, but answered presently, somewhat dubiously,

"I don't speck I does, suh."

"Well, why didn't you say so, then? Now, Simon, don't try to evade me again. You and I have been wrestling with great problems since we were boys together. Now, listen. You have studied the theory of probability, have you not?"

Simon had not studied the theory of probability; at least, not scientifically; at that very moment, however, he was figuring on the chances of getting out of that room. But, figuring according to his theory of probability that the chance was remote, he kept brushing very rapidly while he answered,

"Naws'r."

"I suppose, then, Simon, you have not computed the probability that the soul of a certain distinguished contemporary of Mr. Balaam, for instance, might have transmigrated into the body of some human being of the present day, have you?"

"I ain't know nuffin 'bout Baalam, 'cept dat his mule talk back at 'im."

"Correct, Simon; eminently correct, except in one particular; it was not exactly a mule, but a near kinsman; in fact his immediate paternal progenitor, I believe, or in modern parlance, a mule's pa. Now, Simon, in spite of your evasiveness a while ago, I have long known you for a fearless theologian. So consider this: in the course of human events, or rather of superhuman, supernatural, or, let us better say, extranatural events—You do not object to my coining a word, do you?"

He paused for a reply. Simon raised no objections; he only hurried his shoe-blacking.

"Well," Jim continued in the same deliberate manner, "I say, then, in the course of extra-natural events, may it not be that the soul of this aforesaid progenitor of the mule—his pa, you understand—has wandered around through various forms of animate life until at length it has found lodgment in the frame of mortal man?"

Simon was now taking up his blacking materials, and there was a look of relief in his face, for he was soon to escape.

"I see by the light in your face, Simon, that you consider it conceivable."

Jim looked intently into the fire as Simon arose and started to the door.

"Wait a minute, Simon."

"I's gwi git hit, suh," said Simon, stopping in the middle of the floor.

"Get what?" asked Jim.

"De water, suh; I's comin' right back."

"Oh, Simon, why can't you let these vile material considerations go hang! We are talking philosophy. But as you are about to go again among ordinary mortals, let me caution you not to repeat this conversation to any of your associates—that is, of course, unless they are philosophers like you and me. It might unsettle their religious belief; or, worse still, make them think less of you and me for profaning the sacred name of Baalam—that is, his distinguished contemporary, you understand. For, you know, he was not only quite a prominent character in his day, but he is one of the heroes of history. Neither you nor I, Simon, be we ever so great as philosophers or as men, can ever hope to occupy so distinct a niche in the hall of fame as Baalam's ass. He will be remembered, even though his renowned soul find temporary lodgment in our poor frames, long after you and I, our name and our fame, have vanished from the annals of history and the memory of man."

Simon left the room to get some water. In a few minutes he returned. Jim was sitting in the same place looking meditatively into the fire. He watched Simon pour a bucket of water into a large tin bathtub, then asked, still solemnly, and as if the conversation had not been interrupted,

"Do you not agree with me, Simon?"

"Gree wid you 'bout whut? I grees dat hit's 'bout time for you ter be git'n up fer brekfuss."

"Now, there you go again! Simon, I almost fear you have the outward habits of a philosopher without his inward instincts. I have been furnishing you with a concrete illustration of one of the most widely rejected theories of the history of philosophy, one which would delight the heart of Pythagoras himself; and yet you continue to revel in these purely mundane considerations of water and breakfast. But here now, lift your mind up for just one moment. Do you not suppose that something of this nature might have lodged in you or me?"

"Ain't nuffin lodge in me dat I knows on."

"Well, in me, then, Simon?"

Jim sat watching the negro as he silently put the towels on the chair near the tub and started out of the room again.

"What do you think, Simon?"

"Think 'bout whut?"

"Oh, you are exasperating! Do you think this spirit may have lodged in me?"

"I specks some kine er spirits done lodge in you, suh."

And Simon was gone.

Jim chuckled heartily, but as he arose and went slowly to his bath, he mused, "Eminently correct again, Simon; for to be perfectly plain, I have a strong apprehension that I'm an ass."

Jim returned from breakfast without any experience calculated to dissipate his belief in the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. Aileen had bowed to him distantly as she passed him coming out. Tilson had come in, addressed some remark to Mrs. Alston and left without seeing him, so far as any one could tell, although they were face to face.

In his room again, Jim walked up to his window and stood there looking out across the white cotton-field and the woods beyond. "Why will I be an ass?" he was thinking. "They never intended any harm to this girl. They would have helped her. Whether they will now, after this bunglesome meddling of mine, there is no telling. Aileen is not to blame anyway. She sides with Tilson. Of course, but I have made her do that. Why don't I attend to my own business, any way?"

"De Perfesser want er see you, suh," said Simon at the door.

"Show the gentleman up," said Jim without turning around.

Now Simon, as much as he respected all men, that is, all white men, had yet his instruments of mentality so attuned

that it was utterly impossible for him to conceive of a greater man than "de perfesser." That any man, whoever he might be, should stand up boldly and treat "de Perfesser's" order with anything like disdain or indifference was totally beyond his conception. Else he would have been uneasy for his friend and particular protege, Mr. Jim.

"But hit's de Perfesser, Mr. Jim, whut wants you."

"Where is he?"

"He down in de pahluh, suh."

"Well," said Jim, turning around, "what's the matter with his legs? Can't he walk?"

"Yas'r, he kin walk, but he tell me he want ter see you, suh."

Jim walked over by the table, sat down, and, resting his chin on his elbow, looked intently at the negro.

"Simon," he said, "do you think you would know Amy Cannon, the little girl who used to play with us at home, if you should see her?"

"Dat's ben er long time ergo, Mister Jim," said Simon, scratching his head. "I specks she's er growed up 'oman by dis time. But whut make you think erbout her fer?"

"What do you think she would look like?"

"Well, you knows, Mr. Jim, she wa'n't—"

He stopped and looked at Jim as if he was uncertain whether to proceed. Perhaps he recalled the last time he had said of Amy what now came to his mind.

"Go on," said Jim.

"I specks you knows, Mr. Jim, whut I wuz er fixin' fer ter say. She wa'n't like de rest uv you, you know."

"Who would she be like now, do you think? Would she be like Miss Aileen, for instance?"

"Who, our Miss 'Leen here, suh?" And Simon's mouth stayed open.

"Yes."

"Dat she wouldn't, Mister Jim. You mus'er done fergit erbout her. She wuz fum de po—"

"Very well," interrupted Jim. "That will do. The Professor wants to see me, does he?"

"Yas'r, he tells me ter say he wants you to come down in de pahluh."

"All right. Tell him I'll be down there directly."

Simon mumbled to himself as he went down the stairs, "I clare ter gracious, I don't know whut de matter wid Mr. Jim. I don't know whedder he gwine sho nuff crazy, er whedder he jes git'n mo foolishness in him. Dis mawning he wuz gwine on 'bout some sort er flossify er sump'n nur; now he come axin' me 'bout dat little po' white trash gal whut me and him bofe done fergit erbout too long ergo ter tawk erbout. Whut she look lak! Whut in de Lawd's mussy he want er know whut she look lak fer? He sholy ain't tryin' ter fin' 'er. En whut would he do wid 'er ef he fin' 'er?"

Tilson was seated at his desk in the parlor smoking a cigar when Jim entered. By him, straightening some papers, stood Aileen Hall. Jim thought he could detect a slight flush upon her cheek, but it may have been the sunlight which came through the window. He was sure, though, that he detected the haughty look which was the one thing about her he did not like—and yet he did like it, too, somehow. She continued to straighten papers or something on the top of the desk. She was nervous, too, but this Jim did not detect. In another part of the room, calm and apparently indifferent, sat Amanda. Jim felt ashamed at first to look at her. When he did, after sitting down in a chair near the desk, and while waiting for Tilson to begin the interview, he met the same big eyes which had played such a strong part in the proceedings of the night before. He did not know whether there was in them an appeal, as in his imagination he had seen the night before, or just a blank stare.

"This young lady here," began Tilson at length, without looking at Jim, "left the schoolhouse last night before the exercises were over, which I never allow any one to do. And what's more"—he paused an instant or two to renew the swelling of his mighty but agitated chest, and to gather all the sternness and pomposity he could summon to his aid—"she left there unattended by any gentleman, which was highly improper and reprehensible, a thing which is never allowed at this institution. She gives as her excuse that you sent her to make a copy of this program. Of course, such a thing is ridiculous, but I have sent for you, sir, to know the straight of it."

He spoke in a harsh, rasping voice, and a frown enveloped his imperious countenance. Jim sat quietly in his chair, but his face colored slightly and his teeth were closed tight. He waited an instant after Tilson had finished. When he did speak, he spoke very deliberately.

"I have no doubt, Mr. Tilson," he said, "that Miss Can—Miss Jordan has told you the straight of it. That is not what you want with me."

"What's that! What's that!" exclaimed Tilson, turning around and looking threateningly.

Jim looked at Aileen, and he was sure now he saw her cheeks flushed with a deep red; and now, too, he saw that she was fumbling nervously among the papers on the desk. He tried to soften his tone as he continued, though he looked Tilson squarely and defiantly in the face.

"I asked Miss Amanda to go and make the copy of the program, and I alone am responsible for her leaving. It was not against any rule of the school, it was not against any breach of propriety, not half so much a breach of propriety as"—he was going to say, "as you were guilty of in wanting to put her up on that stage and be an object of ridicule," but he felt Aileen's eyes looking right through him, and he stopped short and looked down.

"Well, sir," began Tilson, "I would have you understand—"

"Mr. Tilson," calmly observed Jim, interrupting him, "I can see no good of having an interview like this in the presence of the pupil. Excuse Miss Amanda and I will discuss the matter with you."

"What do you mean by that, sir? Will discuss the matter with me, will you, upon condition that I excuse her? In the presence of the pupil! I want you to understand, sir, that I am the President of this Institution. Do you understand, sir?" he thundered; "*I*, sir, not *you;* and I'll excuse her when I get ready. I'll hold interviews in whatever presence I choose. Do you understand, sir?" He leaned over and repeated angrily, "Do you understand, sir? *In whosever presence I choose!*"

Jim arose, looked him squarely in the face, and calmly, with a smile of scorn—or of amusement; you couldn't tell which to save your life.

"Yes, sir, I understand you, I believe," he said quietly. "You are mistaken as to one person only, so far as I am sure of. You may have interviews, Mr. Tilson, with whomsoever you choose except the—the—the—person making these remarks."

With which, the person making these remarks walked out.

Tilson stormed and fumed up and down the room, declaring, "Something's just got to be done about this thing. Did you ever hear such insolence? Why, he had the audacity to call me 'Mister' Tilson! '*Mister*' Tilson! The insolence of it!"

In truth, this was the most unkindest cut of all, if indeed it was not the only cut. Whatever else, by word or smile or action, Jim may have meant for cuts, nothing entered the thick cuticle of the dignity of Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President, save the "Mister."

"*Mister* Tilson indeed!" he kept repeating. "The insolent upstart! he has been trying ever since he has been here to injure this institution, and this is the way he tries to do it. But I'll get—"

"Professor," interrupted Aileen in a quiet though agitated tone, "hadn't we better let Amanda go now?"

Tilson stopped suddenly in his tracks and looked at his "confidential secretary" who was standing at the window looking out. Her face was still deeply flushed and her eyes were moist, but she took care that he should not see this. He stood silent for an instant; then turned to Amanda and said, "Yes, you may go back to your room." Without another word, he resumed his seat and sat looking at Aileen still at the window with her back to him. She was not looking into empty space entirely; she saw a tall figure walking rapidly up the road.

Amanda, who had been sitting all this time motionless and with the same indifferent stare, arose and started out. She understood but little of the meaning of the scene before her, but she felt grateful to Professor Thompson for something, she scarcely knew what; and for something else, she scarcely knew what, she felt a resentment towards Tilson. As for Aileen, she viewed her with suspicion; she did not know why.

"Hold on there a minute!" called Tilson, in the same harsh, rasping voice, which now was also hoarse from his

raging and shouting. Amanda stopped and turned the stare full upon him.

"Sit down," he ordered.

"The rules of this institution have been violated. Since you have had some practice in copying this program, I'll have you make me one hundred copies of it. You may go to your room and begin at once."

Without a word, Amanda took the program and left the room; and, for the first time since Jim had left, Aileen turned her eyes from the window and watched the awkward, strange girl from the country.

"Professor," she said quietly and now calmly, after Amanda had gone, "it will take that poor girl all day of steady writing to make one hundred copies of that program."

"I can't help it," Tilson replied. "I intend to teach that young upstart of a Thompson that he is not running this school."

He would not look at Aileen. He got up and hurriedly left the room. Aileen again turned to the window.

(CONTINUED IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE)

I Still Have You!

By Ralph M. Thomson

I still have you to come to when the day
Forsakes its sunbeams for the twilight's gray;
And everywhere the sable shroud of night
Hides sleeping nature from my doubtful sight,
And leaves me lost in darkness on the way.

Yet I fear not, as once, that I shall stray
Beyond the echo of your roundelay;
For it is mine to boast in love's delight,—
I still have you!

What is adversity, and what dismay?
Am I not rich despite their sceptered sway,
So long as I may claim, as now, the right
To walk beside you, in your soul's great light?—
Think what it means for one like me to say——
I still have you!

THE LAW OF THE SOUTH

By J. deQ. DONEHOO

FOR SOME little time the negroes along the bayou had vaguely known that trouble was brewing for Devers, the section foreman at Simpsonville.

Now Devers was not an unjust or cruel man, but the negroes had grown to hate him with a hatred such as they now never bestow upon those who cheat, oppress, or deceive them, but only upon those, and especially "poor white trash," who treat them fairly and ridicule their aspirations for social equality. And Devers' section house stood in a lonely place fully half a mile from the little town. Often was he compelled to get out at three o'clock in the morning, leaving his family alone and unprotected.

On this particular morning Devers had gone off early, and two hours later a negro fled up the bayou bound for the swamp. The dwellers in numerous cabins along the way hailed his advent with best wishes. That negro was a hero now, almost as much as if he stood already upon the scaffold, sealed by infallible assurance for instant entrance to the New Jerusalem. The best was provided for his hearty breakfast at [illegible] Johnson's half way up the road, and ejaculations of relief welled out along the bayou when the news came swiftly down from cabin to cabin that Phineas Jackson was safe in the swamp.

Now it was six miles up the bayou from Simpsonville to the little plantation store that stood on the edge of the great swamp. White folks could telephone down from the store in a minute or so; black folks, however, for their own purposes, still had to depend on the wireless telegraphy along the bayou from cabin to cabin. This had been known to cover the distance in twenty minutes when the news was of sufficient importance. In the olden days this was faster than the white man's swiftest horses could have borne tidings, and so the black man had in these modern times lost an advantage he once possessed. Besides all this, his news was liable to be a trifle distorted in transmission; but it never lost anything, at least, in its swift passage through two hundred negro brains and mouths along the bayou. Much it often gained, but never a terror it lost, or a threat to the negro race, as it sped from cabin to cabin.

This morning, news passed both ways with electrical swiftness. That great crime had been committed near Simpsonville which the white man avenges in blind fury on the race without regard to formality—the crime which the average black man dubs no crime at all, but secretly glories in.

As that word flashed along after Phineas Jackson's departure, cabin doors were shut, and families were huddled within; for they knew that the riders soon would pass. Not the sheriff of St. Medard's with his posse and hounds; they, the black man knows, will at least try to do justice according to that law which he does not respect. But even should these lawful authorities be the first to apprehend the culprit or any suspect, the black man knows that they are more than likely to be overpowered by the mob that is sure to rise.

And the riders whom the black man fears most now are those who come hotfoot from the scene of the crime, who ride thence blinded by fury and joined by every white man they pass. The black man knows that the thirst for revenge is fierce in the hearts of those men, that it has become a blind, unreasoning lust for negro blood, that it may mean not alone shot or rope, but the stake and nameless tortures for the culprit, and indiscriminate slaughter for the race.

And here they come! At their head is Devers himself and with him two score men. They represent every type in the white population of the Parish. There are Americans, Cajans, Dagoes, Jewish merchants; there are railroad men, rich planters, poor hill-billies, professional men, and the loafers of the vicinage.

Furiously they ride, coatless, perspiring, covered with dust, and over every saddle bow there is a rifle, in every belt a Colt or Smith & Wesson. A coil of rope dangles ominously from at least one saddle.

The cavalcade pulls up with a jerk before the cabin of Parson Smith, for it is ever the preacher who knows what is going on. "Hello!" the challenge rings out sharply. "Has a young nigger, Phineas Jackson, passed here lately?"

No sound comes from the cabin, and the riders have no patience with a moment's delay. They know that the negro was seen only a mile below this, they are almost certain that he was heading for the swamp, now less than two miles ahead. A half dozen leap from their horses and smash in the door of the cabin in an instant. "You d—— black hypocrite, answer this minute. You know what's happened. Did that nigger pass here?"

The fat negro preacher cowers on the bed with all his trembling family clinging to him. He is frightened nearly to insensibility, but race pride and loyalty are strong. "Gemmuns," he protests, "Ah hain't seen nuthin, uv no Phineas Jackson. Why? What hab' he dun'?"

"G—d d—— you, you know," roars Devers, "I'll show you!" He points his gun full at the now screaming negro family. It would have been atrocious, and have meant the death of little children as well as of the preacher!

But a big planter grasps Devers' arm just in time, and thunders, "For God's sake, Devers, don't spoil all to kill these skunks. We want Phineas." Then he places a cold muzzle right against the preacher's forehead. The negro begins to pray and beg. The planter very coolly warns him, "Right out with the whole truth now, Joe, or I'll settle this matter in ten seconds."

Race loyalty is indeed strong, and the preacher's very prestige is at stake at this instant, but love of life is the strongest of all. The negro almost sobs out. "He dun' passed heah gwine tuh de swamp 'bout an houah ago, an' 'deed, mistah Leflore, Ah didn't know nuthin' 'bout it, 'nd Ah'm sorry, 'nd Ah hopes yeh gits Phineas."

"Curse you, you lie, you black fiend," roars the planter, ripping out a string of oaths, and striking the preacher heavily on the side of the head with his weapon. "But no time to fool with him now, boys."

Scarcely are the words spoken when the men are in the saddle again, and it's away to the swamp. Not a black face is to be seen during that wild two-mile gallop, and there is no need for another stop.

A dozen other mounted white men are encountered at the little store. They, too, have just arrived, and bring with them two negroes that know the swamp and can be trusted to aid in the chase. They also have reliable information that the fiend has entered the swamp an hour and a half ago. Then, too, the telephone has told them that the sheriff is now aboard the train with his posse and hounds; he will be on the scene in less than two hours.

Everybody is glad to hear about the hounds; they will be needed. But nobody wants the sheriff. What if the culprit should fall into his hands first? Everybody likes Spears, but suppose he should happen to entertain any impracticable ideas about his duty in protecting prisoners? Nobody would like to see him get hurt for a brute of this kind.

With the quickness of battle time the campaign is planned. By the tacit consent of all, who acknowledge the qualities of leadership with which nature has endowed him, Leflore assumes supreme command without nomination or election. His hasty council of war determines that only three things are possible, the criminal will seek to make his way out from the swamp through Little Bois d'Arc, four miles to the north, or through the Anse Large, five miles to the south. Swift horses can probably beat him around the road to either place, and so a squad of ten men is dispatched to each, whilst 'phone messages are sent flying to the nearest points within reach of them.

The third and most probable alternative is that the negro has pushed straight on through to the almost inaccessible heart of the swamp, and will seek to baffle any pursuers in its fastnesses. He is known to be thoroughly acquainted with all its intricacies, and this gives him an advantage which none but those

familiar with such places in Louisiana can fully appreciate.

Leflore starts most of his men in at once, scattering them in every direction so as to beat over the ground thoroughly. Progress must necessarily be slow. Through the immense canebrakes and palmetto thickets that are found in places, a man might hide and never be discovered by another five feet away. Three shots in quick succession are to give the signal that the trail is found, and Lake Bisteau, in the heart of the swamp, is to be the rendezvous if the search continues throughout the day without trace of the quarry.

The commander remains behind with one of the negroes and six picked men, awaiting the coming of the sheriff. White men continue to arrive in little squads and are promptly forwarded into the swamp.

At last comes the sheriff with his followers and the indispensable hounds. These latter are not the ferocious animals with which Uncle Tom's Cabin has familiarized the public, but really the mildest of canines, not at all formidable even to an unarmed man. But true bloodhounds they are, unerring upon the trail when they have gotten the scent, and indefatigable.

Already these animals know what they seek, and are keen upon it, for a garment recently worn by the fugitive has been secured on the way up the bayou. They have been on that trail ever since they passed the negro's cabin, and are chafing to follow it further. With an almost human intelligence they seem to know all that is expected of them; they know what they shall find in the swamp, and what shall be done with their prey.

There is no hunting like the hunting of a man. Into the swamp all plunge with indescribable zest and enthusiasm, the dogs leading on. The sheriff is nominally in command of this party, but it is Leflore that most will obey. Now the hounds have the trail, and they are off, yelping, rushing frantically around fallen trees and clumps of cypress knees, through canebrakes and impenetrable masses of palmetto. Men follow as best they can, splashing midst morasses and over heaps of rotting vegetation, thrown to the earth again and again by the inextricable network of vines, torn and bleeding from the fierce bamboo thorns, baffled and helpless at times, but never discouraged.

Three shots ring out faintly now, perhaps a mile straight ahead. So those in the center are on the trail, possibly have the brute at bay already. Exertions are redoubled, even the dogs seem to know what it means.

Weary, weary work it is for hours, and the sun is already far past the meridian. Leflore and three others are ahead; they have passed many of the first squads and overtake at last the man who has fired the shots. The dogs are now far ahead of him and baying furiously. Shots ring out, and yelpings answer. The fiend is at bay at last, and, heavily armed, keeps off the dogs.

Now arises the great problem of the chase. Leflore sends up five rapid shots from his revolver; it is the signal for all to close in. There is no danger now that the dogs will lose sight of the negro; a little, however, that he may be able to kill all of them. But what about the men? Is it worth while to sacrifice several human lives, or even one, to capture alive and punish as he deserves such a nameless beast as this? For, beast as he is, he will surely sell his life dearly.

Leflore rapidly plans another campaign. The fiend lies hidden in the midst of a thick canebrake into which the swamp has opened out. The commander hastily sends his men—more than a score of them are on hand now—to surround the brake and lie around it in ambush without exposure. He soon has the brake fired from the windward. Green and lush as it looks, it bursts into a very volcano of flame, for underneath is the dry debris of years.

Birds soar aloft in flocks, and foul reptiles of every sort creep forth from that fiery furnace, fit types, these latter, of the creature who remains yet at its center and hopes the fire will not reach him. But now he can endure it no longer. Wild-eyed, panting with fear, a huge revolver brandished aloft, the negro bursts into view, and three rifles crack almost together. Two men are upon the brute, and he disarmed, before he has rallied from the shock of the bullets. One of these has struck him in

the leg, another in the shoulder, making a bad but certainly not fatal wound.

The negro opens his eyes and sees first of all the face of Devers. He breaks into piteous moans for mercy, which would have touched the hearts of any but men on such a hunt as this. "Into the fire," roars Devers, and starts to pick up the negro, two or three others hurrying to assist him, and they too calling out, "Burn the beast!"

Men rush in from every quarter, amongst them the sheriff, who has just now gotten to the front. He draws his revolver and seizes the negro, whom by now the men are bearing aloft. "He's my prisoner," the officer declares, "and I call on all good citizens here, and deputize them to assist me in enforcing the law."

Devers has reached for his gun with his right hand whilst he still holds the wretched victim fast with his left, and screams in a voice of fury, "By God, he burns, sheriff, or you die, or I die and every friend I have here dies."

"That's right, burn him, burn him!" shouts at least half the crowd, whilst the negro piteously calls upon God.

Then Leflore strides forward. He is perfectly calm, and holds a coil of rope in his hand. "You, Bill Thorn and Jim Gates, grab the sheriff and disarm him," he says coolly; "and you, Blaise Perrault, climb that there red gum and put this rope over the first limb." And then in a voice of thunder he roars, "And you four men drop that nigger; what in the hell do you mean? This crowd don't stand for nothing of that kind; even if he is a beast, he must be hung according to the law of the South."

All this was done in a moment; no one disputed Leflore's decision. Such is the force of a personality that has the natural right to command, and the authority of law that is made by universal consent. As the life ebbs away from the hideous dark thing struggling there in the air, not even a shot is fired to attest the spirit of vengeance that a few moments since called for nameless tortures to be inflicted on the fiend.

When all was over, Leflore turned to the sheriff and said, "I'm sorry, Spears, that we had to put you in this box. But we simply had to execute the real law of the land, fresh from the people, and approved by every decent white man in the South. I know you thought you had to execute the antiquated written law, which has really been repealed, as far as cases of this kind are concerned. I respect you for trying to do your duty as you understood it, but if you had had the men back of you to make a fight for it, you would have been killed and this nigger would have been tortured. Nothing could have prevented it. Now we executed the real, orderly law of the South, in such cases made and provided. Wasn't it best?"

Life as it Is

All the world is but a playhouse,
  Men are actors on its stage,
Fortune furnishes the play bills,
  Fate the players all engage;
Actors bow before the public,
  And receive a smile or frown,
Acting for a paltry living,
  Till Death rings the curtain down.

—Jake H. Harrison

IN THE REAR

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A BOY DURING THE CIVIL WAR

By CLARENCE THOMAS
The Author of the Life of General Turner Ashby

GREAT revolutions need neither defense nor explanation. No people ever resorted to the last analysis, the arbitrament of war, with all its attendant horrors, except in defense of their sovereign principles, or inalienable rights. Therefore, great revolutions—civil wars—explain themselves. The military life of General Turner Ashby, who was the most splendid and brilliant figure of the Civil War, having met with the flattering commendation of many and high sources, the author has been induced to write his recollections of what he saw and heard during those chivalrous days of carnage. In the spring of 1861, when April buds were blooming into May, on the eastern flanks of the Blue Ridge Mountains, every day seemed the "bridal of the earth and sky." The counties of Fauquier and Loudon, in the Old Dominion, Ashby's and Armistead's home counties, later "Mosby's Confederacy," were all spirit and movement. Carter's Company B, of the 8th Virginia regiment, was the first to march from the village of Upperville to Leesburg, Virginia, where the 8th Virginia was being organized under Col. Eppa Hunton. Great preparation had been made to receive and start this company to the front. An elaborate dinner was served on the large lawn of the Episcopal Rectory. To my eyes, all the world seemed gathered there. About the large improvised tables, the laugh and jest presided —its spirit was that of a festival. After the dinner and good-byes, the order came, "Fall in, men," and each gray coat stepped to the front; "marked time," "double column, forward," marched to the music on drum and fife of "The Girl I Left Behind Me"—the war had begun. One cheer from the assembled throng, answered by the gray line, and a change came over the spirit of my dream. Tears, sighs and grief met my eyes and ears, and, unconsciously, I found my hand clasped in the hand of an uncle, and marched with him to the Vineyard Hill. After these scenes, the war spirit took possession of everybody. The boys soon formed a company called "The Home Guards." The youngest boy was elected captain, as he knew the drill better than the others, having been taught the Company Manual by drill masters, some of whom stopped at his home. This company was composed of twenty-five or thirty members; a captain, two lieutenants, a sergeant and a corporal. The neighboring towns had similar organizations, and soon challenges passed for battle. We fought with rocks and slings, and in the slings the ends of horseshoes, about the size of a bullet, were used. They sang like a bullet, and felt much like one, when it struck, generally knocking the victim down. The artillery consisted of a minie musket, minus the stock, placed on wooden wheels made for the purpose. The gun was loaded with powder and ball, or slugs, melted bullets cut into irregular sizes. A detail was made from the company to man the gun. The cavalry consisted of one cavalryman, whose mount was an old discarded horse that not even the Yankees would take. We engaged in many skirmishes and battles with the other companies of boys, and, like the army of Northern Virginia, we were never whipped, but sometimes repulsed. Boys were sometimes wounded and captured, when they were paroled until exchanged. When we had the artillery with us, we always carried the day. The company would sometimes be hard pressed, when the captain ordered the gun into action, which was fired by striking the cap on the tube of the musket with a

hammer or rock. One shot sufficed, as the company was almost as afraid of its own gun as the opposing force. It was sometimes loaded almost to the muzzle with slugs, and every boy fell back except the gunner. This caused a fresh detail to be made every time the gun was fired. But it was worth the risk, as it perched victory upon our colors. Later in the war we became so unruly that the few old men left and the ladies tried to disband us, but we kept up our organization till late in sixty-three. During the latter part of 1862 and through 1863 the company had many adventures, not only with the boy companies, but were frequently under fire from the Yankee cavalry, raiding and scouting parties. The Northern troops were all around us. With ours, a few cavalry detailed to watch them and scout the country. The Home Guards found it could be of service also by giving information to our friends on the approach of the enemy. Our one cavalryman, on his broken-down steed, had orders to *trot* when a company of boys was advancing, and to lope on the approach of the Yankees. Once when we were out looking for fun, of which we got more than we desired, our scout came back in such a *gait* we could not decide whether it was the enemy or the boys approaching, but on he came, "at a hop, skip and a jump," and when hauled up for such conduct, he never stopped, but shouted as he passed, "I am loping, I am loping. I can't lope, but I am loping." When he got into the village, he recovered his senses and shouted, "The Yankees are coming! The Yankees are coming!" Before the Home Guards realized the situation, we were fired on by the rapidly approaching Yankee squadron. The officers of the Home Guards were delighted when the privates broke for cover through the thorn hedge on Vineyard Hill, and skedaddled after them. Our cavalryman was as badly scared as the gentleman was confused and bewildered who got lost during a night thunderstorm, after riding round and round in the same place for hours. He finally gave the reins to his horse, and pulled up in front of a house. After yelling awhile, the owner of the house came out and asked, "Who are you?" The lost man yelled back, "I know you, Captain, but who in the h—l am I?" Some of the Yankee officers rode into the Vineyard after us, and, finding we were boys, laughed and thought the affair a good joke. We, however, didn't see the fun. About this time Company A, of the 6th Virginia cavalry, were picketed at Paris, with an outpost four miles east at Upperville. Vineyard Hill was a natural point for a picket, and was used by both sides. To this Company A belonged a noted scout of intrepid courage and coolness, William B. Sowers. There was a Yankee major who several times rode into Upperville from the direction of Vineyard Hill, unattended. I called Sowers' attention to this fact, as in passing he would join us at dinner. I finally said to him, "The Major rides a splendid sorrel horse, but I believe you are afraid of him." He laughed, picked me up and spanked me. A day or two afterward, as I ran from the house into the street, there was Sowers with the major. Sowers stopped and asked me if this was my man, and I nodded, "Yes." The Major then said, "I have you to thank for my capture." Sowers had been looking for him for some time, but this was the first day he found him far enough from his command to capture him. They dismounted at my invitation and dined. In this year also occurred the capture of the uncle who marched out with Carter's company in 1861, Adjutant T. B. Hutchinson, of the 8th Virginia regiment, and, after Gettysburg, promoted to major on General Hunton's staff. My uncle came home to look after us, owing to the death of my grandfather, and rode into the Jesse Scouts, in advance of Custer's brigade, believing they were Confederates, as they were dressed in gray. He was placed in charge of Lieutenant Fairbrother, second Michigan cavalry, acting as aide on General Custer's staff. The lieutenant brought him to his home, and dined before returning towards Washington. My mother called me out of the room and gave me several ten-dollar gold pieces, with instructions to return to the room, get into my uncle's lap, have a romp, and slip the gold into his vest pocket. I thought I had turned the trick with great skill, as he caught on, and put his Confederate money in my jacket pocket, that having no value North. In a short while, Lieutenant Fairbrother returned with his command. He placed a guard around the house to

protect us from his men, and ran up the steps like a boy. He was very young, handsome, and a dashing soldier, and his kindness can never be forgotten. After salutations, and inquiries for my uncle, turning to me, he said, "You little rascal, you thought you fooled me, when you put that gold in the Adjutant's pockets, but"—and I finished his sentence, by saying, "I bet you stole it," at which he laughed most heartily. He came our way many times, always with pleasant news from my uncle. I heard him tell my mother once that if he thought the war was waged to free the slaves, he would resign his commission and go home. He was as good as his word. We heard when the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, he resigned his commission and left the army. After my uncle was exchanged, he wrote us that Lieutenant Fairbrother had been as kind as a brother and offered him many delicate attentions. Glorious, gallant gentleman, I salute you if living, and lift my hat to your memory, if you lie beneath the sod, for you were worthy to wear the gray! and I am the only one left on my side to record your noble conduct. An incident of this capture is also worthy to be recorded. Jim Crawford was the body-servant of my uncle, who brought him home with him, so that Jim could see his own family. Jim feigned sickness as soon as the Yankees arrived in town, and sent one of the other servants for the family physician. He was questioned closely by the Yankees, but his replies were sighs and groans. As soon as the Yankees left town, Jim mounted his own horse, which the family physician had saved by claiming, and struck south to another master in the army. Before he left my mother urged him to go to see his family, only a mile distant at Green Garden. He answered, "Mistus, I can't go, and I am never coming home again until the war is over." A nobler, truer heart never beat in a gentleman's breast. Master and servant, soldier and comrade, through four years of marching and battle, sleep not far apart in the Old Dominion. It took the Satanic crime of reconstruction, and the villainous hypocrisy of the carpet-bagger to destroy this beautiful link of love between master and servant. After the second battle of Manassas all the houses and churches were filled with the sick and wounded soldiers. In all the trying epochs of the struggle, the women of the South were ever foremost in noble deeds; in the hospitals, she was the gentle nurse of soul and body; she was the priestess of the Southern Temple. The same white fingers that dressed the wounds and cooled the burning brow deftly fashioned powder and ball into missiles that went hissing into the serried ranks of blue. During the long struggle, there was not an instance of the nameless crime, which, since reconstruction, has become so common. What a tribute to the relation of master and servant, and what a criticism upon the infamous policy of reconstruction! For, let it be remembered, this crime has been confined to the negro born since the war. The Home Guards were still on the warpath, but the highways were more crowded with soldiers, so when the boys couldn't get at each other, they divided and fought themselves. War was the order of the day, and when we couldn't find it, we made it. We became, too, more alert in looking out for the enemy, as we could render good service in this way. The few horses left were necessary to put in a patch of corn for bread, our only staple product. Upperville, situated on the turnpike between Winchester and Alexandria, became the theater of the passage of many armies, wagons and raiders. If a fellow was looking for adventure, he could have his chance "to make good" there, or thereabouts. At times we were hopeful or depressed, as our soldiers advanced or retreated. In the latter part of 1862 and the first of the year of 1863, a gray coat was good for sore eyes. In the spring of 1863, however, Mosby suddenly appeared in our midst, with a detail of fifteen men from the 1st Virginia cavalry. This little band cheered our drooping spirits. From this meager start, Colonel Mosby built up a battalion of choice spirits, whose marvelous feats have never been excelled in the annals of partisan warfare. In passing, we throw a flower upon the memory of Lieutenant Tom Turner, of Baltimore, and Captain William Smith, of Fauquier, as in the estimation of the writer they have received but scant justice. Lieutenant Turner was one of the original detail. He was a great soldier, splendid fellow, tall, handsome and modest, and as brave as life itself. He was not only a fighter,

but a scout and commander as well. When Colonel Mosby was absent from wounds, he handled the command with skill. He was wounded at the fight at Aldie soon after the command took the field. He rode back to Upperville, thirteen miles, that night. We had heard of the fight, and I was looking for him. When he arrived, he said, with his hand on my head, "My boy, they got me this time." He was assisted to dismount and taken into Dr. Brown's. After an operation, the ball was extracted, having been deflected by the buckle of his belt. In January, 1864, he lost his life in a night attack at Harper's Ferry, leading his company. There also fell that other daring soldier of equal promise, Captain William Smith, formerly of the Black Horse Company, 4th Virginia cavalry. From late in 1863 to the close of the war, the *modus vivendi* proved difficult for many families. Corn bread, rye coffee sweetened with sorghum or honey, little or no meat, became the citizens' rations; and, at times, not enough of these luxuries. More than once the writer and others sought sleep upon hungry stomachs. We gave often nearly all we had to our own soldiers, and the enemy sometimes took the rest. We had not then, and have not now, any complaints to make, as we were suffering for our cause, and were proud to do it. Those were days when the "rear" stood shoulder to shoulder, like the "thin gray line" in front. The last time we saw the incomparable infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia, Pickett's division passed in sight of the village, enroute for Pennsylvania. Our hopes were bound up in this division, as all the infantry companies of this section were a part of it. Many of our friends and relatives belonged to the 8th Virginia of this command; and my uncles, as it passed, brought several officers to dine with us, among them General Hunton and the Berkeleys are recalled. This march preceded by a few days the big cavalry fight at Upperville between Stuart and Pleasenton. Before dinner was announced General Lewis A. Armistead passed along going to his home further down the street. He was hailed by the group of officers, and my uncles insisted that he should join us at dinner. He smilingly replied that he was an old army man, and must set a better example, but "you volunteers can do pretty much as you please." As he rode off he remarked, "I am only going home to say how do you do and good-bye." So passed from our view this knightly soldier and gentleman. But upon the flaming bastion of Cemetery Ridge, crowned with two hundred guns, he marched, the foremost figure, over the works in the charge of Pickett's division to immortality. The remembrance of a gracious act after that dinner abides still with me as a benediction. After all had said "good-byes" and were departing, Colonel Norborne Berkeley stepped back to my grandmother and my mother, and said, "Do not fear for the boys, I will bring them back safely." Poor fellow, he could not take care of himself, as he was badly wounded and captured in the charge. He still lives, the "noblest Roman of them all." The 8th Virginia took into the charge two hundred men, rank and file; ten only reported for duty after the battle! We close the first part of this article with an incident of that bloody and fatal field, as related, in substance, by one of the actors still living. Lieut.-Col. Edmund Berkeley, brother of Col. Norborne Berkeley, was at that time major of the 8th Virginia regiment. He was shot down near the breastworks in the charge, and after reviving he looked around and saw an unconscious soldier near him, who had been shorn down with a piece of shell. He recognized him as the adjutant of the regiment, my uncle, and called him by name, "Bent, Bent, are you much hurt?" He heard him sigh and saw him move and finally sit up. He asked my uncle if he was going to surrender, and he replied he would not. He then got up and asked the major if he could walk. The major said he would try on one leg. In this condition my uncle assisted him back to the house, or barn, in the line of the charge. They rested there a little, and, with the help of another soldier, they made their way back through shot and shell to our lines. In the next and last article the great cavalry fight at Upperville will be touched on, with the dashing Jeb. Stuart in the midst of the melee; what became of the Home Guards; how its captain was mistaken for a bombshell, causing much consternation; the burning raid of Loudon and Fauquier, and how the captain of the Home Guards took a race through the Yankee pickets at midnight.

NO CONGRESSIONAL TAMPERING WITH DIVORCE LAWS.

DEAR SIR:—Please publish in the Educational Department of your *Jeffersonian* your views on the question as to whether it would be a good policy for Congress to have exclusive control over marriage and divorce.

Yours very truly,

J. B. THOMPSON.

Young Harris, Ga., Dec. 9, 1909.

ANSWER.

Congress ought not to have a thing to do with marriage and divorce. The Federal Government is already far too much an intruder on the reserved rights of the States.

CHEAP LAND.

DEAR SIR:—I am much interested in this land monopoly. If our lands continue being bought in large tracts, from 1,000 to 2,000,000 acres, by syndicates, or the much-moneyed men of our American people, or foreigners, where will the rising generation get homes?

It seems to me there ought to be a limit to the ownership of land,—say 160 acres to the family, or not over 320 acres.

If correctly informed, Mexico owns her railroads, and one can travel all over that republic for 1 1-2 cents per mile. Australia also owns her railroads, and one can travel there for 1 cent per mile.

Would love to hear from you on these points through the weekly *Jeffersonian* or *Watson's Magazine*.

Yours for justice and right,

R. I. THOMPSON.

Daingerfield, Texas.

ANSWER.

(1) Where is that land-monopoly? After you have found the sea-serpent, the mare's nest, the bag of gold at the end of the rainbow, a few hen's teeth, a barrel of turnips with red blood in them, a nigger that will neither lie nor steal, a young bull-necked priest who can be safely trusted in the "retreat parlor" with a young, handsome, buxom nun—why, then you may possibly locate that "land-monopoly."

As Betsy Prigg defiantly said to Sairey Gamp, concerning the alleged existence of a certain Missis Harris, "There ain't nó sich person."

Why, bless your sweet life, man! you can buy land almost anywhere, in rural Dixie or New England, at from four dollars per acre up to forty.

Throughout the greater portion of Georgia farm land is cheaper than it was before 1861. And why? One of the reasons is that the prowling negro and other things have made country-life almost impossible to the whites. No prudent head of a family will allow his wife and daughters to go beyond the range of his personal protection. The fear of the black rapist overshadows the country. While such negro-philes as Andrew Carnegie are publicly stating that his own Scotch ancestors, three hundred years ago, were inferior to the American negro of today, the white families of the rural communities are fleeing to the towns and cities, where the women have better protection.

Another reason why there are cheap lands in the South is that, as a rule, farming can no longer be done with wage-hands. The supply of labor is too scanty and too unreliable. There are plenty of negro men and women to do all the work, but they are not doing it. The towns are swarming with idle bucks and wenches, who won't work at any price. How do they live, you ask? The men, by stealing, by gambling, by robbing and burglarizing, by acting as kept man by some cook, chambermaid, or wash-woman; the women live partly by stealing and partly by prostitution.

"The Country Gentleman" (of Albany, N. Y.), is one of the best agricultural papers in the world—it claims to be the oldest, too.

In its issue of December 9, 1909, you may find a most interesting letter signed "Edward K. Parkinson." The general tenor of this communication is in-

dicated by the headline under which it is printed, and that is, "Eastward LIES the land of Canaan."

Mr. Parkinson presents some exceedingly interesting facts. For instance, he proves by official reports that the value of the products of an acre of New England soil is double that of the acre out West! He shows that the yield per acre of wheat is nearly twice as much in Maine as in North Dakota. Of corn, the Kansas acre produces (average) 29 bushels; whereas, the Connecticut acre yields 42 bushels. In Montana the average crop of oats is 41 bushels to the acre; in Vermont it is 39 bushels.

But yet more important is Mr. Parkinson's statement concerning the prices brought by improved farms in New York and New England.

He says that an examination of the bulletins discloses the fact that many of the farms are advertised for sale, as low as $7.50 per acre!

Think of that, will you. In the State of New York improved lands advertised by their owners at the almost nominal price of seven dollars and a half per acre! Why, a small farm, at that figure, would not fetch enough to pay for the most modest improvements.

I knew that in New England, and throughout the old slave States, millions of acres of land could be had at almost any price; but I had no idea that *in New York State*—so near the big city where Socialism holds forth about land monopoly—the same conditions could be found.

Evidently, it is a mere waste of breath to talk about a land monopoly when facts like these stare us in the face.

If the Socialists would use, *in land-buying*, the same money that they waste on campaigns, Debs' "Red Specials," Cooper Union meetings, street parades, and propagandist literature, *they could supply homes and farms to every destitute family that they could drag away from New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, etc.* But after buying the lonely little farm, out in the backwoods, where it is dark after nightfall, they'd have to get some yokes of steers, log-hooks and chains, and some logging wagons. 'Cause why?

Each of those homeless men is so fascinated by the human attractiveness of the great Babylonian, hurly-burly city, where brilliant illumination turns midnight into noon—that each one of those howling, moneyless creatures, would require a separate log chain, and yoke of steers, before you could pull him out among the stumps, briers, swamps, whippoorwills, screech-owls, sandflies, gnats, mosquitoes, hookworms, book-agents, and "sich."

No, sir! The average pauper will stay in New York till he drops in his tracks, rather than be transported to a region where he will have to view the scenery from the rear-end of a mule, and will have to scratch like the devil to get a living out of the land.

(2) I think that the amount of land that you are willing to allow to each man is altogether excessive, 320 acres are too much; even 160 acres admit of baronial splendor and tyranny. Why, a Frenchman or Piedmontese Italian would set up a regular, out and out NABOB on 320 acres of land. The first thing you'd know, you'd see that Frenchman or "Eyetalian" swell up on "surplus value," "unearned increment," interest, profits, and the ungodly gains of "wage-slavery;" and he'd become one of "these here hell-hounds of Capitalism" that go out and hunt Fred Warren and Eugene Debs, every moist, cloudy night.

All joking aside, if we are not to be allowed any more land than we can till with our own hands, (as Southern Socialists now say) ten acres will be a god's lavish for most of us. Five acres will be the greatest plenty for me—provided that each of the neighbors is not permitted to keep more than two barking dogs, three crowing roosters, four lowing cows; and the children not allowed to run the scales and mangle "Kiss Waltz," on the piano, every day in the week, and Sunday too.

(3) For all immediate practical purposes, you are near enough to the truth about railroads in Mexico and Australia. Besides, I've told you enough for one time. I can't encourage monopoly of information. I want you to go away back, now, and take a seat, and digest the facts.

And if *ever* you do find the sea-serpent and the land-monopoly, you must "holler," loud, so that all of us can come running to see 'em.

DENIES HE IS A SOCIALIST.

To the Editor:

I hear that you challenge a number of Socialists, in which list you include me, to justify the ways of Socialism to men.

But I am not a Socialist, but a single-taxer, one of the strongest of individualists.

I believe that all that is necessary for men is free access to the earth which "brings forth abundantly to satisfy the desire of every living thing", and that they will then work out their own social salvation without governmental interference. Yours sincerely,

Bolton Hall.

56 Pine St., New York.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The presence of Mr. Hall at the gathering of "we of the inner circle of Socialism", together with his address, as reported in "A Socialist Wedding", very naturally caused me to think him a Socialist. T. E. W.

OCALA VET PLEASED WITH NOVEMBER JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—Your Jeffersonian Magazine for the month of November just received and eagerly read is of such transcendent interest that I feel that I must record the fact by writing you, both to notify you of the pleasure received, and also to thank you for the Magazine.

I am certainly with you on the Home Mission question, and I think the Foreign Mission is (as Odom puts it) "an abomination unto the Lord". I do not know of the Jews (who were God's chosen people) proselyting anywhere, nor forcing a religion on an unwilling and unresisting people, nor like Pizzaro in Peru, and Cortez in Mexico, burning their proselytes to make sure of them; however, as regards the Magazine, it is *good all the way through* from cover to cover, and altogether desirable in every way to a thinking and observant person who reads.

Sincerely yours, etc.,

John E. Bailey,
And Old Confederate "Vet".

Ocala, Fla., Nov. 12, 1909.

HERE'S A GEORGIA BOY THAT I AM PROUD OF.

Dear Sir:—I have just read that charming little sketch in the November Jeffersonian Magazine—"The First Fire of Autumn". Did you know the writer of that article has been entirely deaf from childhood? Yes, Wade H. Caldwell is a poor, neglected boy, who has educated himself by reading. He has been tenderly loved by one of the sweetest mothers. However, she was taken from him two months ago. You are impatiently wondering, no doubt, what you have to do with all this. I fully realize that every minute of your time is filled to the brim. Yet when a man of genius writes as you do, touching thousands of hearts, swaying even the souls of men, he must understand the claims humanity have upon him.

Tonight I discovered a little article of yours in "Reminiscences of Famous Georgians", and I also discover that Tom Watson has a tender spot in his heart.

Listen! when you think of Wade Caldwell, picture him in his mother's garden—that old-fashioned garden, where he used to read aloud to her. See him alone, a poor boy with talent, shut off from the world. Be kind, and publish all his articles you can.

While at "the Baptist Encampment" at Blue Ridge, you were frequently *dis kussed* (?). You would laugh were I to tell you of some things said. I am a

Baptist, and as one I can see that every word you wrote about Foreign Missions is true. I admire, above all things, your fearless way of dealing with evil! I believe every broad-minded Baptist can see the truth of your arguments. As State Chairman of Compulsory Education of the "D. A. R." I have visited many schools in Georgia, and my eyes have been opened.

Pardon this intrusion, and believe me an *earnest* admirer of Hon. T. E. Watson. (Signed) ANNIE M. LANE.

Washington, Ga., Nov. 12, 1909.

(I am truly glad that Miss Lane obeyed the impulse, to write me. Young Caldwell's prose poem revealed a high order of intellect. He deserves all the encouragement that his friends can give him. While I have not the pleasure of knowing him, Miss Lane's letter has made me his friend, and he may count on me as such. I invite him to offer other articles to the Magazine.—T. E. W.)

NOT TOO LATE.

DEAR SIR:—I inclose one dollar and fifty cents postoffice money order, for which send me your Magazine for one year, including the November number for 1909.

Your position is absolutely correct, touching the encroachments of the inferior Federal Courts upon the rights of the States, but I fear we are too late to repel these encroachments through or by any civil remedy. The usurpations should have been checked in the trial of Nagel for the homicide of Judge Terry several years ago, and several cases, especially when Cleveland invaded the State of Illinois with the United States Army, etc. Yours truly,

THOS. B. LLOYD.

Inverness, Fla., Nov. 15, 1909.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

No; it is not too late. It is never too late to mend. Times have changed since the Nagel case, and the invasion of Illinois by the Federal troops.

All that is needed is a Governor with sand in his gizzard.

A COLLEGE CLASSMATE,—I WAS HIS BASEBALL "CAPTAIN."

MY DEAR TOM:—Enclosed please find my check for two dollars ($2). I wish to renew my subscription to *The Jeffersonian*, and to the *Jeffersonian Magazine*. I read each issue of the publications with great interest, and always derive rich entertainment and valuable information from their glowing pages.

It seems that your pen was never brighter and *sharper than now*.

Your writings are frequently surprises. The article on *The Vulture*, in the November number of the Magazine, was a surprise—most *decidedly* so. It had never occurred to me that anything so interesting could be written about the buzzard. *You were charmingly original* in your treatment of the subject.

His Buzzardship should be exceedingly grateful to you for your "write-up" of him. Some human vulture might take pleasure in gnawing at your vitals, but I am sure that no buzzard will ever be so unappreciative of your mention of him as to wish to pick your bones, but, when in your neighborhood, will content himself in being "peacefully engaged in drawing invisible circles in the upper air, as he sails, round and round, in a fathomless, shoreless, radiant sea."

With best wishes, I am, always as ever,

Faithfully yours,

JNO. T. BOIFEUILLET.

Macon, Ga., Nov. 11, 1909.

THIS WAS INTEREST ON BONDS.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed please find postoffice money order, you sent me, returned. I don't want your money. Please send me your Magazine instead of money.

Respectfully,

A. D. HICKOK.

Norman, Oklahoma.

INTEREST ON BONDS REINVESTED IN JEFFERSONIANS.

DEAR SIR:—I herewith return the check, $3.24, sent me for interest on the bonds. I desire it applied to the continuation of my subscription for the Magazine and the weekly *Jeffersonian*, and the subscription of Mrs. Susan M. Boogher, of 6345 Washington Park View, St. Louis, for the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

My subscription for the Magazine expires with the December, 1909, issue, and, for the weekly, expires May 1, 1910, and Mrs. Boogher's, for the Magazine, ex-

pires July 1, 1910. Continue each one year from those dates, respectively, which will take $3.00. Use balance, 24 cents, for postage, or anything.

If these dates are wrong, your bookkeeper can correct them.

I will credit the bonds with interest paid to November 1, 1909.

Your friend,

MINOR MERIWETHER.

3716 Delmar Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

SOCIALISM IN TEXAS.

Socialism in Texas is not very old, but it is a fact—to be regretted, however,—that it is scattering over the commonwealth like wildfire.

Only a few years ago the State press, almost a unit on the subject, looked upon and reviewed, with a large degree of contempt and sarcasm, this wave of political damnableness and wholesale deceivable rot—Socialism. It was a mere joke, a light laugh, and passed over without further thought and study.

Not so now. The papers and the people—the better elements, who have absolutely refused to be fooled and deceived into the ranks of this disguised doctrine,—are far more serious, and are giving more thought to the subject.

The country has been overflowed with their (Socialist) literature, and speakers are now covering the State in their effort to add more recruits to their army. And they are succeeding.

Several years ago, had you predicted this state of affairs, you would have been laughed at and branded as a fool; some paper would have given your statement space, made a funny comment, a good laugh would follow, and you would have retired to your lonely hut and received the consolation that came to the rangers when they killed the wrong man—by mistake: "Well, the joke is on us this time." Perhaps you would be persuaded that your brain was all in a muddle, and recommended a treatment for the "brain fever."

But it is true. Of course, the State is yet decidedly Democratic, and will remain such, but it only goes to prove how far the people can be fooled when there is no competition.

For years the Socialists have had their way, unmolested, unhampered, and without opponents; merely because no one ever thought it would amount to anything, and, hence, didn't wish to waste their time in opposing the movement. It has been pretty much the same over the whole country, and the Socialists have gained ground, enlarged their army to such an extent that the country is beginning to wake up.

Recently the Fort Worth *Record* said, speaking of Socialism: * * "Socialism thrives during hard times, and as drouths cause hard times, it furnishes the Socialist an opportunity to shift the blame onto the Government and the 'competitive system,' and make more converts. Good times are more effective than drouths as an antidote for Socialism."

True. The Socialists see a man who has to pay rent—because he owns no farm—they talk of our "damnable system of land traffic," as they are wont to call it, and make a noise like sympathy and brotherhood, and talk as if their hearts were breaking for him and his family; citing, as an instance, some man who happens to own a piece of land. They dwell upon the unjustness of such a system, and the great need of reform. They picture to him his family living in poverty, and some others living in the refinements of great riches and in wonderful mansions. They tell him of the equality that Socialism will bring about, and the mighty changes that will take place—when they win. He is asked to join them, and, as he looks about, there is no one to say, "Don't go, they deceive you, they would crush all opposition and ruin the government under which you live; your freedom will be taken from you, and you will not be allowed the right of free speech—you are being deceived." Oh, no, no one is there to bring up the other side—and he wonders. He is given a lot of their literature. It tells in glowing statements and words of eloquence the good (?) that Socialism will do. The poor fellow becomes blind to all sense of truth and logic, seeing only the bright side, the promised riches are glaring at him, enticing, alluring—and he wonders.

No one is there to tell him that it teaches love freedom, negro equality, intermarriages of races, whites, blacks, yellow, and all others; that it does away

with *our* marriage system, and desires to make his wife and daughter public, to crush all spirit of opposition, and that it is, in disguise, a movement to enslave the people—*and he joins them.*

Then he is called upon for the dues, for the fees to pay the speakers and the big men of the party, all of whom are wealthy in the goods of this world, many of them millionaires; they tell him he must help pay these men's expenses—to help along the cause—then he pays. The money that is needed to go to the support of his family, to buy clothes, provisions, and the necessaries of life, is taken from him, without sympathy, and goes to pay for the luxuries of some of the ringleaders of Socialism—the only people in the world who are helped, or ever will be, in any way, by this shameful doctrine.

Does he, as he lolls in riches and vast wealth, as he sees his family enjoying the best that money can buy, ever think of the poor man who toils every day in the year to provide for his family, and who has helped to pay for all these riches?

Does his heart melt in sympathy as he rides by the little farm in his large automobile and sees this man's family working the fields, tilling the soil and wearing old rags, that he (the leader) may live in luxury and roll in wealth?

Does he go out and offer words of cheer and comfort, and shake hands with the struggling brother who is keeping him up?

Does he ever ask them to his home, to partake of his great blessings and share his comfort?

Ah, no, not so with him. Never will his bed of comfort be shared with his brother of toil, never will he do any one of the many things in his power to make that toiling comrade's heart glad and fill him with cheerful hope for the future. That is not—*Socialism.*

Will these people ever quit being deceived? Will they never see the error of their way, and the shameful doctrines of their cause?

If it is the aim of Socialism to establish social equality, will they ever do it? Are they trying to do so? Nay, it is not their purpose, their intention is far from such, and their leaders never desire to, further than—take it.

If such is their purpose, why do they take the hard-earned money of their laboring brothers and give it to some wealthy speaker to pay him a large salary and expenses to lecture occasionally?

Here in Texas they have hundreds of "silver-tongued" orators in the field. These speakers are paid princely salaries. Who pays the bills? The people; the ones who are so easily fooled into this belief. Most of them are poor, shamefully poor, yet they will go on paying the freight—"for the good it will be to their children," and never heed the wealth they are piling up on their leaders. They are merely paying the way of a cause that would, if in power, ruin their country, destroy hope and ambition, and put their children in bondage, to be insulted and used to every advantage and lust of the children of their generals.

"Mother Jones," of Texas,—a speaker for the cause,—once said: "I hope to see the day come when the lead that is now used for making bullets will be used for making type to educate the masses."

One hates to think that a "mother" can be thus deceiving; yet, I can't believe that this one meant the above in the sense she would have us believe. She is an expounder of Socialism, and I don't think she would say anything or advocate a principle which would work against Socialism; for in Socialism she is a great factor, her job, her expenses and salary are kept up by Socialism. She would not endanger her job for the sake of telling a truth, and to injure Socialism is to work against her own bread and butter.

Would "Mother Jones" do such a thing? Not hardly.

To educate the masses is to sign the death-warrant of Socialism, and if Socialism thrives, it will be upon the prevailing state of ignorance. What "Mother Jones" really meant was: "I hope the time will come when the lead that is now used to make bullets will be used in making type to deceive people into Socialism."

Typical of Mother. She, like all other Socialists, could easily see her finish in a plain, unvarnished truth, and the only

thing to do was to disguise it. Cunning? Well, yes, a little. Kindly inclined that way, you know.

"*Deceive the masses*"—A Socialistic echo.

"*Educate*"—a Jeffersonian principle.

JACK DUNAWAY.

Dothan, Texas.

FERRER AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

Remarkable Statement of Jesuit Cruelties by an English Paper.

(From the *American Citizen.*)

After the arrest of Professor Ferrer, and before his execution, *The New Age*, an English paper, printed the following appeal:

SHALL FERRER DIE?

There's twenty million Englishmen
Will know the reason why.

The press of Spain is under the ban of the most rigid censorship known in modern times. Spain is in the throes of the most awful repression known in the history of the world. These are undeniable facts.

At the time of the marriage of the ex-Protestant Queen Ena to the Roman Catholic Alfonso of Spain, some demented individual threw a bomb at the wedding procession. The actual criminals were arrested and executed. The Roman Catholics in Spain, having before them the example of a recanting English princess, who sold her faith for a crown, God rewarding her with a bomb as a wedding gift, utilized this outrage as an excuse for an anti-Protestant campaign. Protestants in Spain are people who are not Roman Catholics and Royalists. A series of persecutions, seizures of property, closing of schools, and slaughtering of non-Romanists ensued, which can only be paralleled by the religious excesses of the Middle Ages. Senor Ferrer, a gentleman who had founded the Escula Moderna at Barcelona, the most notable educational institution in Spain, and therefore thoroughly detested by the Romanists, was arrested on a trumped-up charge. His schools were closed, the staff dispersed, and the pupils forced into monasteries and convents. The Society of Jesus was as much to the fore in Ferrer's case as in the Dreyfus case in forging documents for the purpose of incriminating the accused man. Fortunately, such an outcry was raised in France and England that Ferrer was tried by a civil tribunal, and not a scrap of evidence other than Jesuit forgeries was produced against him, and he was acquitted. But he had suffered many months' imprisonment; he had been put to great financial loss; his schools had been shut up and his scholars scattered far and wide. Matters quieted down; he collected more funds and restarted his educational propaganda in what is, perhaps, the most illiterate country in Europe.

Such was the position of affairs in 1909 when the Moroccan war, engineered by the court and its financial hangers-on, was embarked upon. As is well known, the Republicans in Barcelona rose in rebellion, and attempted to prevent the Spanish conscripts departing for Morocco. After several days' fighting, the rebellion was put down by the government, and many of those who had risen were, quite rightly in all probability, sentenced to death and executed.

Here was a second chance for the Romanists, who were much alarmed at the spread of Protestantism and Ferrer's humanitarian teaching, to crush Protestants and the civilization of modern Europe at one stroke. The papal archbishop of Madrid ordered a Protestant massacre. The council of ministers refused to permit its execution. The next move was to get Queen Ena away from Madrid. Practically under arrest, she was sent to a chateau close to the French frontier, nominally for her personal safety, in reality to get her out of the way, as her Protestant heresies made her a suspect. No sooner was this done than a further attack was initiated on any individuals regarded as reformers or Protestants. Madrid was only saved the horrors of a second St. Bartholomew by the determined attitude of the young king and several of his ministers, coupled with the warnings of the French ambassador.

Military law was proclaimed throughout Spain; Senor Ferrer and his manager, Cristobal Litran, have been arrested, and are to be tried by courtmartial. Senor Ferrer has already been tortured. The Jesuits have again "discovered"

large numbers of incriminating papers. We say "the Jesuits," because the officers of the Guardia Civile who effected the arrests were members of that order. They have had actually the impudence to tender as evidence in a preliminary torture examination one of the documents which had been pronounced by the civil court to be a forgery, in the hope that the torture may drive the wretched man, under stress of his agony, to admit its truth. It is devil's work.

Protestants, reformers, trade union leaders, Republicans, and Socialists are all dubbed "anarchists" by the military clique and the Roman Catholics. Montjuich is full of prisoners, most of whom are dying from torture. Two Englishmen, we are informed, have been secretly buried by the prison authorities. All information is refused for fear of international complications, which might take the form of Tommy Atkins breaking down the gates of Montjuich.

The following are a few of the tortures of the Inquisition now in operation on behalf of a government for which an English princess has abandoned her faith and her country. In the "bed" torture, the prisoner is bound to an instrument called a bed, which is slowly heated. The tightness of his bonds prevents him moving, and he is slowly scorched up to the death limit, when he is relieved from his agony. The torture lasts about an hour, is repeated daily, and usually produces insanity in three days. There are ordinary torturing machines with modern improvements, such as electrical racks and thumbscrews. The stabbing needles are new. Here the hands are bound to a thin wooden plank through which, by mechanical means, are forced dozens of sharp needles which penetrate the hands. In the dungeons of Montjuich there are the rat tortures, by which bound men are cast among hundreds of voracious rats, a wound having been cut in the side, at which the rats are attracted to lick.

The women prisoners are the victims of moral torture as well as physical torture. The women are beaten on their breasts with light stinging canes by the Jesuit priests, who mockingly implore the Protestant women "to confess." One wretched woman, who had a premature birth owing to the cruelties she was subjected to, was confined in the presence of all the male officials, who jeered at her during her agonies. The monsters have no regard for little children. The small boys are handed over to the Jesuit and other monasteries for sodomitic practices, and the little girls are deprived of their virtue by villians who have an assortment of venereal diseases.

We repeat, is England going to look on at this picture of ghastliness unheeding? What is the use of our navy if we can not blow the Spanish papal hierarchy into a premature hell? Sir Edward Grey himself has said that English foreign policy is aimed at "upholding in the councils of the world, in diplomacy, those ideals in every part of the world by which we set so much store." Sir E. Grey has established a nonintervention doctrine, but Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Mr. Canning, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Derby, Lord Granville, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Lansdowne are all statesmen who have claimed England's right to intervene in the internal affairs of other nations on humanitarian grounds.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

Address JEFFERSONIAN PATTERN DEPARTMENT, Thomson, Ga.

NOS. 6117-6122—BOY'S OUTING SUIT

No other suit quite takes the place of this simple one made with outing shirt and knickerbockers. It is so loose and comfortable that the boy can enjoy active life to his heart's content. As here pictured the shirt is of soft washable flannel and the knickerbockers of serge, but the whole suit, trousers and shirt, may be made of light-weight woollen materials. The medium size requires 2 5-8 yards of 36-inch material for the shirt and 1 1-8 yards for the knickerbockers.

Sizes for Boy's Outing Shirt: 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 years. Sizes for Boy's Knickerbockers: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 years.

This pattern calls for two separate patterns,

which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each in silver or stamps.

NO. 8521—A DAINTY MORNING JACKET

In this dainty model for a dressing sacque, the front, back and sleeves are cut in one piece. An unusually trim, neat appearance is given at the waistline by the fulness being gathered into a smoothly fitted peplum, finished by a belt of ribbon-run beading. The style is adaptable to such materials as lawn, batiste, dotted swiss, and cotton crepe. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Medium size requires 2 5-8 yards of 24-inch material.

Pattern here illustrated will be mailed to any addess upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8323—LADY'S TUCKED SHIRTWAIST

A simple tucked shirtwaist is always well liked. The one here illustrated is made with two tucks over the shoulders. The model is easily made and always smart for wear with a coat suit or separate skirt. It requires no trimming but may be made in a combination of materials. Chiffon cloth, voile, cashmere, solft silk or light-weight satin may be used for its development. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure, and requires 3 3-4 yards of 27-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

NO. 8499—A NEW SHIRTWAIST

This simple, attractive model is particularly adapted to the linens, but will develop well in other materials, such as madras, lawn, cotton voile and taffeta. The fulness of the front may be distributed in narrow tucks or be simply gathered. The yoke extending over the shoulder-seam may be omitted if desired. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32 to 42 inches, bust measure. The 36-inch size will require 3 3-4 yards of 36-inch material.

Pattern illustrated will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8619—A PRACTICAL KITCHEN APRON

Every woman, whether she has to do the work about the house or not, will find use for a simple, practical work apron, such as the one here pictured. It slips on and off easily and is the simplest of garments to make. Besides, it is infinitely attractive and becoming with its long lines and square-cut neck. The usual apron materials are suitable for reproduction, such as linen, gingham, Holland and percale. The medium size requires 3 3-8 yards of 36-inch material for the medium size. Cut in sizes small. medium, large.

A pattern of this illustration sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8612—MISSES' COLLEGE DRESS

This illustrates an up-to-date and popular model, fashioned on "Moyen Age" lines. The waist is fitted by side-front, side-back and underarm seams, and is joined to a plaited skirt portion. The dress may be cut in high-neck style or with a sailor collar. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 14, 16, 18 years, and requires 5 3-4 yards of 36-inch material for the 16-year size.

A pattern of this illustration sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8407—A NEW AND STYLISH SKIRT MODEL

Lady's Four-Piece Skirt

This skirt is an excellent one to be developed with a waist that closes at the side, meeting the skirt-closing. The back gore is laid in the form of a box-plaited panel, stitched to placket depth, but forming a plait to the lower edge of skirt. Broadcloth, cashmere, silk, linen or other wash fabrics may be used. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 inches, waist measure.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

NO. 8615—LADY'S NINE-GORED SKIRT

A New and Stylish Skirt Model

Nut-brown broadcloth trimmed with buttons was used for this up-to-date design. It is appropriate for silk or woollen goods. The back has an inverted plait underneath below flounce depth. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 inches, waist measure. It requires 8 yards of 24-inch material for the 24-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8416—A NEW APRON MODEL EMBODYING TWO STYLES

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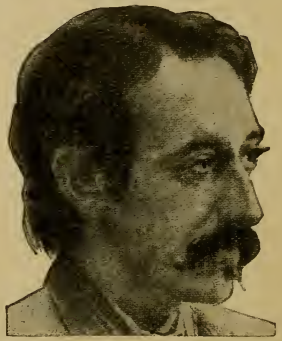

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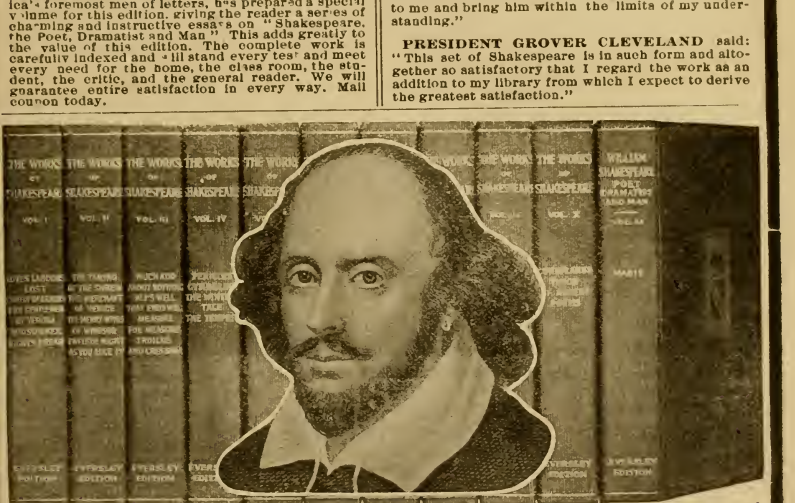

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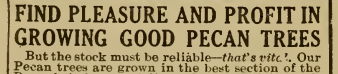

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I CHALLENGE

Eugene Debs, Upton Sinclair, Bolton Hall, Richard Le Gallienne, Robert Hunter, Victor L. Berger, J. A. Wayland, Fred Warren, and Joseph Medill.

I dare them to prepare, sign and publish a declaration of the meaning of Socialism, as to the following:

(1) The Marital Relation.
(2) Private Ownership of Land.
(3) Racial and Social Equality.
(4) Religion.
(5) The Home, as we know it.

The names selected are those of the most prominent and representative American Socialists.

There is a dispute as to what Socialism means, and a full, positive declaration, covering the five points above enumerated, will settle the question.

I call upon the gentlemen named to accept the challenge and publish the declaration.

I JUST DARE THEM TO DO IT!

THOS. E. WATSON